8.

THE WONDERS OF
ODERN CHEMISTRY
Sarsaparillian and its Associates.
GES AS SEEN AND FELT! AS
THEY DAILY OCCU-
TER USING A FEW DOSES OF
DR. RADWAY'S
RSAPARILLIAN
RESOLVENT,
-THE-
eat Blood Purifier.

d spirits, disappearance of weakness, languor, olly, increase and hardness of flesh and muscles,
ength increases, appetite improves, relish for more sour eructations or waterbrash, good di- calm and undisturbed sleep, awaken fresh and
appearance of spots, blotches, pimples; the skin ar and healthy, the urine changed from its tur- cloudy appearance to a clear sherry or amber ater passes free from the bladder through the without pain or scalding; little or no sediment; or weakness.
ed diminution of quantity and frequency of ary weakening discharges (if afflicted that way). inty of permanent cure. Increased strength in the secreting glands, and functional har- low tinge on the white of the eye, and the sup- ion; appearance of the skin changed to a clear d healthy color.
se suffering from weak or ulcerated lungs or e will realize great benefit in expectorating e tough phlegm or mucous from the lungs, air- ench of winthrips, throat or head; diminishing mory of cough; general increase of strength of the system; stoppage of night sweats and l feeling of weakness around the ankles, legs, , etc.; cessation of cold and chills, sense of suf- hard breathing and paroxysm of cough on ly- or arising in the morning. All these distress- mence gradually and surely disappear
ay after day the SARSAPARILLIAN is taken, of returning health will appear; as the blood in purity and strength disease will diminish, ption, and impure deposits, nodes, tumors, can- lumps, &c., will be dissolved away, and the made sound and healthy; ulcers, fever sores, in disease gradually disappear.
ases where the system has been salivated, and quicksilver, corrosive sublimate have accumu- become deposited in the bones, joints, &c., ortion of the bones, rickets, spinal curvatures, s, white swellings, varicose veins, &c., the SARILLIAN will receive away these deposits minate the virus of the disease from the system one who are taking these medicines for the cure s, Scrofulous, or Syphilitic disease, however be the cure, "feel better," and find their gen- improving, their flesh and weight increasing, ughing the cure, it is a sure sign that the cure is g. In these diseases the patient either gets orse—the virus of the disease is not inactive; ated and driven from the blood it will spread ase to undermine the constitution. As soon SARSAPARILLIAN makes the patient "feel bet- hour you will grow better and increase in ength, and flesh.
at power of this remedy is in diseases that ath—as in

NSUMPTION
and Tuberculous Phthisis, Scrofula, Syphi- e, Wasting, Degeneration, and Ulceration of e, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water instantaneous ed where catheters have been used, thus do- with the painful operation of using these in- dissolving stone in the bladder, and in all

mmation of the Blad-
er and Kidneys.
ases of Leucorrhœa and Uterine Diseases. , nodes, hard lumps, and syphilitic ulcers, eins of the lungs; in gout, dyspepsia, rheu- kets; in mercurial deposits—it is in these of disease, where the human body has be- plete wreck, and where every hour of exist- ence, wherein this great remedy challenges ment and admiration of the sick. It is in where all the pleasures of existence appear the unfortunate, and by its wonderful, al- atural, agency, it restores the hopeless to a existence, where this great remedy stands ight and power.
inary skin diseases, that every one is more with, a few doses will in most cases, and in the most aggravated forms, work a per- fected with chronic diseases should purchase a taining one dozen bottles, or $1 per bottle. per half dozen bottles, or $1 per bottle. ggists.

R. R. R.
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FFER WITH PAIN?
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AS THE FIRST AND IS
nly Pain Remedy,
stops the most excruciating pain, allays and cures Congestion, whether of the , Bowels, or other glandular organs by one
One to Twenty Minutes,
violent or excruciating the pain the bed-ridden, Infirm, Cripples, Nervous etrated with disease may suffer.
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always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S with them. A few drops in water will pains from change of water. French Brandy or Bitters as a stim-
AND AGUE.
GUE cured for fifty cents. There is t in this world that will cure Fever ll other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty
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AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

THE HOG CHOLERA.

A correspondent desired some information two weeks ago in relation to the disease commonly called hog cholera. Our columns were so crowded at the time that we replied briefly, intending to recur to it again, as a matter in which most farmers are directly interested. We suspect there are more cases of this disease than is generally supposed. It is regarded as of a pestilential or epizootic character, but it has been found in some cases where there appeared to have been no communication with diseased animals, and where malarious influences alone seemed to account for its presence.

When first attacked by the disease the animal is dull and indisposed to move and loses appetite, but the thirst is in most cases increased. A diarrhœa comes on, and the discharges are green or dark colored and quite fœtid. If the diarrhœa continues several days, and the evacuations are bilious, recovery is the rule. But most commonly the animal grows worse, with signs of pain in the abdomen, billious vomitings, and the diarrhœa changes to a severe constipation. At first the urine is light colored and abundant, but after a while

A difficulty of breathing usually follows with a cough, and the throat appears obstructed almost to suffocation. The hog loses flesh, gets weak in the hind quarters and dies exhausted. The disease lasts from one or two days to two or three weeks, according to circumstances.

A post mortem examination will show congestion, irritation and inflammation of the intestinal canal. The large intestines are impacted with hardened fœces and very red or purple. The blood in most cases will be found to have passed from the mucous membrane and appears in clots in the bowels. Fresh bile will be found in the upper part of the small intestines, that inclines to pass forward into the stomach rather than backward into the larger intestines. The mesenteric glands will be greatly enlarged, the stomach showing signs of congestion, some patches containing clots of blood and a large quantity of billious matter. The liver will be found engorged in most cases, and so will the spleen, while the kidneys are uniformly healthy.

The disease is confined to the abdominal cavity in some cases, but in a majority inflammation has seized upon the thorax and the lungs, the latter being hepatized in some cases. Pleurisy has apparently existed in some instances, and the inflammation often extends through the whole length of the trachea and especially in the larynx, which appears congested and swollen.

It will thus be seen that the disease presents a variety of symptoms, and yet as these appear in different stages, there is a sufficient similarity to pronounce it essentially the same. The secretions of the liver are first suspended, then the bowels are affected, then the respiratory organs are inflamed and serous effusions take place. The animal dies of what is called "cholera" sometimes before the disease has gone beyond the intestinal canal, but it more frequently lives till the inflammation has entered the thorax, so that the coughing and hard breathing will be ascribed to disease of the lungs. Some live even beyond this. The term "cholera" does not strictly apply to it, as that is a disease which implies a discharge [illegible] has become nearly universal, it must be accepted probably and perpetuated.

Animals that are most exposed to sudden changes of temperature, and to cold nights especially after being driven, are most liable to it, but the real causes of the disease are not yet very well known. There is reason to believe that it is of an epizootic or pestilential character in many instances, but there are many cases that cannot be traced to any contact with diseased animals, where it seems to arise from some malarious influence. The natural inference is, that hogs should be kept in dry, clean, comfortable quarters. Where it actually breaks out separate the well ones from the sick immediately. When it first appears with free dark discharges from the bowels, give in the food two drachms of bi-carbonate of soda dissolved in milk, and mixed in a warm mash of bran. Keep cinders or ashes within reach, char ears of corn almost to a coal and give them to eat. It is not easy to give medicine to swine except as they will take it in food.

FARMER'S CLUB.

The farmers of Hanson and others interested, met on the 7th of this month and organized as a farmer's club called the HANSON FARMER'S CLUB, the object of which is to promote a knowledge of practical farming and gardening among its members and the community, in connection with social enjoyment by the members and their families.

The following officers were elected:

President—A. J. Taft.
Vice-President—John L. Brooks.
Secretary—Flavel B. Thomas, M. D.
Executive Committee—George Bonney, Wm. McRoberts, Isaac Thomas.

The Secretary asks—As a Club have we not a right to certain books and papers, published by the State, also some reports published at Washington, by the United States? How are we to get them? By answering you will oblige.

Any Farmer's Club that reports its organization and its doings to the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture in the month of November, is entitled by law to copies of the Secretary's Report for distribution among its members. The bundles are sent every year, as soon as the Report is out, to such clubs as comply. There is no such provision, in reference to the Report of the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

HUDSON FARMER'S CLUB.

C. L. Flint, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, will lecture before this club, on Wednesday evening, March 1st, upon "The Climate and Resources of California," with numerous new and beautiful views with the stereopticon.

MILITARY AT THE MASS. AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

We alluded briefly last week, to the efficiency of the military drill and the teachings of military tactics at the Massachusetts Agricultural College. We think many farmers and those interested in the college, will be glad to know more of this department. It is under the charge of Professor Charles A. L. Totten, 1st Lt. 4th Art. U. S. A. who was assigned to duty there by the War Department at Washington.

Lieut. Totten says in his Report:

On the 11th of March, 1875, I was ordered to relieve 1st Lieut. A. H. Merrill, U. S. Army, who was on detached duty as professor of military science and tactics at this institution. At the beginning of the summer term, March 25, I entered upon my present duties, receiving at his hands the battalion of cadets in a state of excellent drill and discipline, and the last senior class well grounded in the principles of field fortification. Since then the military duties have been actively carried out, both upon the drill-ground and in the recitation-room, and, I am gratified to state, with a marked show of growing interest, evincing a general and real appreciation of the true object of the military department. It is especially pleasing to make a satisfactory report of work accomplished, because it has been my constant aim to impress upon the students that it was not only a patriotic duty in return for government patronage, but a matter of education particularly important to the farming community as the final appeal and perfection of the aggressive sense, and our "peace military policy" is barely sufficient to keep the art of war alive within our borders. The colleges endowed by the land grant of 1862 are a part of this policy, and as such are peculiarly responsible for the honest fulfillment of the military requirements of that Act. The real value of a military education is a *fact* of history, and sooner or later has been recognized by every great nation. Congress has appreciated this, and has still further increased the facilities for such an education, by establishing certain free military professorships, one of which this Institution enjoys. That a college, by an honest and determined policy, may do much towards the furtherance of military education, is certainly exemplified here. The time consumed in drills and tactical instruction is not only no loss to other departments, but does not much exceed that devoted by our neighbor, Amherst College, to gymnastics. Nor does it interfere with student-life so much as militia duties do with ordinary avocations.

The past year has been an important one to the military department in very many respects. The students have been kept quite busy, and working with a will, have accomplished most satisfactory results. They have been called upon to appear in public several times as a military organization; once they were reviewed by His Excellency the Governor; they have once acted as an escort of honor, and twice they have had their tactical proficiency severely tested at special drills, before boards of visitors and military men of note; nor have they failed at these ordeals to acquit themselves with well-merited honor.

The aid rendered by a very efficient senior class in the transmission of elementary military knowledge to under-classes, has been very great. All of the responsible and important offices of the battalion are held by seniors, and the self-discipline and experience thence naturally derived is not only a means of realizing the object of the department, but as a matter of individual education is equally valuable. Four members of this class have been appointed to staff positions as assistant instructors in ordnance, signalling, artillery and infantry, respectively, thereby considerably lightening the labor of the professor, and enabling double the quantity of work to be accomplished.

The importance of adopting a complete uniform was clearly set forth in the last report of my predecessor. By authority of the trustees, choice was made of one similar in all respects to that worn by cadets at West Point, and, as predicted, its neat military appearance has increased tenfold the former interest in the tactical branch of the department.

Not alone, however, in the matters of organization, drill, and mere uniform, has the interest of the department been studied, but even more carefully in the higher branch of military science. An advanced course has been instituted, and confined exclusively to the senior class. This class is not only most fitted for its reception, but the least calculated to underrate its real importance. The instruction is carried on by text-books, lectures, familiar conversations and readings, and original essays from the students, and has for its object fully to cover the salients of the art of war in its modern aspects. The time alloted is regarded as ample, and the hearty co-operation of the two senior classes that have come under my charge fully justifies its being set aside for this purpose.

In addition to the regular course, gratuitous instruction is offered by the department to such student or students as desire to pursue any special military study, or to go deeper into any subject than the limited course will allow. Taking advantage of this privilege, a class is now forming to commence fencing during the winter terms. Under the same privilege a volunteer class of some thirty was formed during the past term to study military signalling, and has now become quite proficient therein. A very full set of all the necessary equipments has been kindly furnished from Washington by the signal department, and it is hoped, during the summer term, to take advantage of the proximity of Mounts Tom, Holyoke and Toby for establishing temporary practice stations.

It is the object and intention of this department to send out with confidence every year young men well fitted to receive commissions either from the State or general government,—men who for four years have been carefully drilled in all military ceremonies and tactical manœuvres, have passed consecutively through the various grades of company and regimental formation, who have been subjected to discipline and understand the art of command, and who, moreover, are well instructed in all the main features of military science.

Correspondence.

FOREST TREE CULTURE.

[We have been struck of late years with the beauty and wonderful growth of the plantations of various trees, made by Mr. Joseph S. Fay on his farm at Wood's Holl, Barnstable County; and, that others might receive the benefit of Mr. Fay's experience as a tree planter, we have asked him to present the readers of the *Ploughman* with an account of his methods of cultivation. This he has done; and we call the attention of all land owners to the importance of this subject. What has been possible for Mr. Fay at Wood's Holl is equally possible on any portion of Cape Cod, Nantucket or on the waste lands in any part of the State. The importance of re-covering with forest growth some portions of Cape Cod and Nantucket has long been felt, that some shelter might be afforded to the land still under cultivation, and as a source of supply of firewood, for the New England seaport towns which now depend largely on importing wood from the British Provinces.

Mr. Fay's experience proves that this problem is of easy solution, and that tree planting is within the power of every person.

The replies of Mr. Fay were made to questions propounded by Prof. Charles S. Sargent of Brookline, whose labors in connection with the Arboretum of the Bussy Institute are well known to the public.]—ED

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS., Dec. 27, 1875.

Dear Sir:—It gives me great pleasure to answer as well as I can with my imperfect records, your questions as to my experience in tree planting at "Wood's Holl."

[This is now called by the Post Office Department Wood's Holl, on the assumption that this name *Holl* is the one attached to this and similar locations on Vineyard Sound by the Norsemen in their early resort to these shores, and signifying *Hill*, but afterwards corrupted phonetically into the English word *Hole*.]

Inquiry 1st.—The number of acres planted?

Answer.—Somewhat over one hundred and twenty-five.

Inquiry 2d.—Were these planted by seed directly sown on the ground where the trees now stand, or were the trees imported and and then set out?

planted by sowing the seed broadcast upon the ground, chiefly in the spring, and about twenty-five acres with trees imported and then set out.

Inquiry 3d.—Sorts of trees planted?

Answer.—The seeds sown were chiefly those of the native pitch pine with some white pine, the Austrian, Scotch and Corsican pine (*Pinus Laricio*), the Norway spruce and Scotch larch. The trees imported and set out from first to last, were about 35000 in number, besides many thousands of native pines brought from the eastern part of Falmouth. The kinds imported were the Austrian, Scotch and Corsican pines, the Norway spruce, Norway maple, English Sycamore (*Acer Pseudo Platanus*), English oak, English alder, the Scotch birch and larch, Wych elm and Huntington and Red Germain willows.

Inquiry 4th.—Years of planting?

Answer.—Native pines, taken from old fields in Falmouth, were transplanted in 1853, 1854, 1855 and 1856. Imported trees were set out in 1852, 1853, 1855, 1871 and 1872. Seeds sown of native pine in 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1864 and 1868. Foreign seeds sown in 1861, 1862, and 1868, besides some sown in 1873, 1874 and 1875, of which I take no account in this statement.

Inquiry 5th.—Kinds which have done the best?

Answer.—The Scotch pine from the seed has proved on the whole, including prompt germination, the best grower and very hardy, but the weevil affects the symmetry of many trees. The Norway spruce and English oak have done well, and the white pine, but all three suffer when much exposed, as on the outside of a plantation, to the strong salt winds. The Austrian pine does well, but is slow and irregular in germinating, and makes a later start from the seed. The larch has not come well from the seed. From the nursery, or as imported, it does remarkably well, so with the Scotch birch and alder. The Scotch pine does finely from the seed or the nursery, and from the latter, the English sycamore does well. All have done better than the native pitch pine.

One kind of pine, though not fuly tested by me, promises better than all the rest, namely, the Corsican (*Pinus Laricio*). In my first importation I ordered five hundred, but when transplanted in my absence they were mixed with the Austrian, and I lost sight of them until after ten years. I was then so struck with their great vigor, beauty and fine promise, that in 1868 I imported some seed and commenced sowing them, mixed with other kinds, upon vacant lands and have since kept it up. Some of those that came up are very strong and healthy, while others are affected by some insect or a kind of blight. They are very hardy and beautiful when not so affected. I think that some of our nursery men have imported and sell them under the name of Austrian. Of those sown in 1868, some are over eight feet high, of which nearly or quite five feet grew in the last three years. At an early date I tried some seed of the French maritime pine, which were given me, (*the Pinus pinaster maritima*), which was so successfully planted on the west coast of France under the first Napoleon, but after germinating and growing thriftily to the height of six feet, they were winter killed. This was the experience on Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard islands, where they were tried extensively.

Inquiry 6th.—Average size of trees, stem and height?

Answer.—Some of the Scotch and Austrian pines, Norway spruces and Scotch larches which I obtained from my brother, Mr. Richard S. Fay of Lynn, in 1853, probably imported by him in 1850, are about forty (40) feet high, and from ten to fourteen inches in diameter, one foot from the ground. Some native white pines set out about the same time have done as well. Of those I imported in 1853, many are about thirty-five feet high and eight to twelve inches in diameter, one foot from the ground. Of the Scotch pines from seed sown in 1861, some, favorably situated, that is, not crowded and in fair soil and shelter, [illegible] inches through the butt, a foot from the ground. Most of them, where not too thickly sown in 1862 and 1863, are upwards of twenty feet high, and six inches in diamter, one foot from the ground. All the pines have done well from the seed on the whole, except the native pitch pines, which have become sickly and which after a good growth to a certain point, I am cutting out for fuel, as not worth keeping. Some however that I transplanted in 1853, 1854 and 1855, are very strong and healthy, being at least thirty feet high and ten to twelve inches in diameter. I am told that the seedling native trees of which many acres have been planted on Nantucket, are proving worthless and are being cut down.

My last importations of trees were in 1871 and 1872, and consisted of English alder, Scotch birch, Scotch larch, English sycamore, Norway spruce, Austrian, Scotch and Corsican pines. The alder I have found to be a rapid grower, very hardy and ornamental, well adapted for a screen or a shelter to other trees. Some which were set out at one and a half to two feet high in 1871, are now eight and ten feet high. The birches have done well and so with the pines. The sycamore and Norway spruce not as well, needing perhaps two years on the nursery or a better soil. The Scotch larches were heated on the voyage, and the summer following being very dry, many died. Those that survived, have recovered, and being now fairly started, are making a vigorous growth.

Inquiry 7th.—Nature of the soil on which the plantations were made?

Answer.—My land is made up mainly of abrupt hills and deep hollows, sprinkled over with bowlders of granite. The soil is dry and worn out, and what there is of it, is a gravelly loam. The larger part of what I have "seeded down," consisted of old pastures, and on the whole hundred acres not a tree of any kind, unless an oak that sprang out of the huckleberry bushes here and there, but hardly lifting its head above them for the wind, and any attempt at growth browsed down by the cattle ranging in winter, could be called a tree.

[illegible] planted about my house, in the openings of a thirty acre lot of oak and beech woods near by and on the bare gravelly hills overlooking the sound and raked by strong winds. The trees I imported in 1853, after two years in the nursery, I planted out, some in clumps of a quarter and half an acre each on an old pasture which I did not "seed down" and which had not a tree upon it. I surrounded them with fences of wire drawn through cedar posts to keep off the cattle, who find in them a grateful shade, now the trees are too large to be injured by them. Others I placed along the walls of my cultivated fields and some on the margin of my old deciduous woods so as to afford a shelter and a variety of foliage.

My importations of 1871 and 1872 were planted as soon as received, on old and poor pasture land where I intended they should remain. My method was to run with oxen, deep single furrows, seven feet apart and then set the trees in them, seven feet from each other. The land is rough and of the average soil of a worn out pasture. These have done well except those larches which died, as before stated, in consequence of being heated on the voyage, taking into the account, the saving of labor and the use of more valuable land, by not putting them into a nursery, though if placed there at the first start, they may have seemed to do better.

Inquiry 8th.—Profits, if any, from the plantation?

Answer.—There has been no direct or present profit. Perhaps it should be considered as an investment for future results. The trees were introduced as a matter of taste and as an experiment, without any calculation of immediate advantage. Still, I think if it had been near a market, or one had been sought, there would have been a profit in the sale of the surplus young trees, and now already in the sales of wood, if only the thinnings. The land has no doubt been improved by the deposit of thousands of loads of leaves upon it and by the shade afforded it, while it has been lightened and lifted by the permeation of the roots of the trees. At the same time much of the labor has been at intervals of farm work and no skilled or professional person has been employed, except in the first year, when in my absence, Mr. B. M. Watson of Plymouth planted a few hundred trees about my house and laid out a flower garden. Every thing since then, has been done by my farmer for the time being, often in my absence, under verbal or written instructions, with such labor as could be had in the vicinity.

When I bought my place in the fall of 1850, except a few stunted red cedars on Parker's Point and some white cedars in the swamps, there was not an evergreen tree within three miles of my house, and hardly any tree of any kind in sight of it. The woods (oak, beech and hickory) were in the dells and valleys behind the hills fronting the sea, and it was maintained that trees would not grow and could not be made to do so in the face of the salt laden winds from the south and southwest. The exposure was certainly great and the soil poor, and trees planted singly or sparsely, perhaps could not have resisted it, but close planting made a shelter and those not specially from an inland habitat (like the white maple) have done well, and "seem to the manor born."

Inquiry 9th.—If you were to do the work over again, could you improve on the methods employed by you?

Answer.—I think I should recommend where the ground was not too stony and rough, instead of sowing seed broadcast, to run parallel furrows not deep, running east and west (so the midday sun will strike across them) seven feet apart and drop the seeds in them, merely pressing them into the ground and not covering them more than this, if at all. This in the first place, especially on a hillside where the furrows should be run at right angles with the slope, and, not vertically, will prevent the seed from washing down to the low places—in the second place, the seed will be likely to come up more at the same time and would be more uniformly distributed than can be done broadcast, unless sowed when there is snow on the ground, and also less seed would be required and less would be wasted—in the third place, the side of the furrow would tend to shade the young germ, which on the [illegible] is apt to be withered and destroyed by the heat. In my plantings where the trees have come up too thickly, I have transplanted them to spots where the seed has failed or was not sown, but this makes extra labor. If sowed in furrows, the seed might be dropped at intervals of four or five feet and even then in a few years, if all were to come up, they would require thinning. In this case, the surplus could be sold or planted elsewhere. They would make good nursery plants.

As to imported trees, when it is considered that the average cost landed at the farm, of English grown plants, one to two feet high, is less than one cent each, it would be a saving of time to procure them and set them out at once in the place where they are to grow. There is a little uncertainty as to their condition, but as a rule, they come in good order.

My first importations I put in the nursery for two years and then set them out. This required two plantings. My last, I placed, as I have stated, in the field where they were to grow, in parallel furrows. It think it would be better to plough cross furrows the same distance apart, or say ten feet each way, and plant the trees at the intersection. Unless the land is very much exposed to the wind, ten feet is near enough, as even then in about seven years a man could hardly walk between the rows. If there are bleak hills to be planted, then the trees should be nearer together, say six or seven feet, so as to shelter each other more, but when they get up and are doing well, they ought to be thinned. But for this need of shelter in exposed places, they would do better in view of a twenty-five years growth, to be twenty feet apart each way. Up to a certain point they help each other by proximity, but it takes great courage to cut down strong and thrifty trees to make room. Yet on a farm, the thinnings may be useful and when near large towns would be salable for cheap rustic fences and enclosures, and certainly for kindling stuff. It is also to be considered that if planted too far apart, the growth would be more lateral than vertical in proportion, and the trees would be more spreading and tend less to taper form and slenderness.

In planting out at once on rough land instead of first in a nursery, though the trees may take a year or two to get a start, for the roots to find their way into the closer soil of an old field, there is a great saving of labor and not *much* loss of time, as each transplanting checks a tree in its growth. One thousand trees will cover an acre well, if planted six or seven feet apart, and five hundred, if nine or ten feet from each other, and after the furrows are made, two active, handy men could plant one to two acres a day.

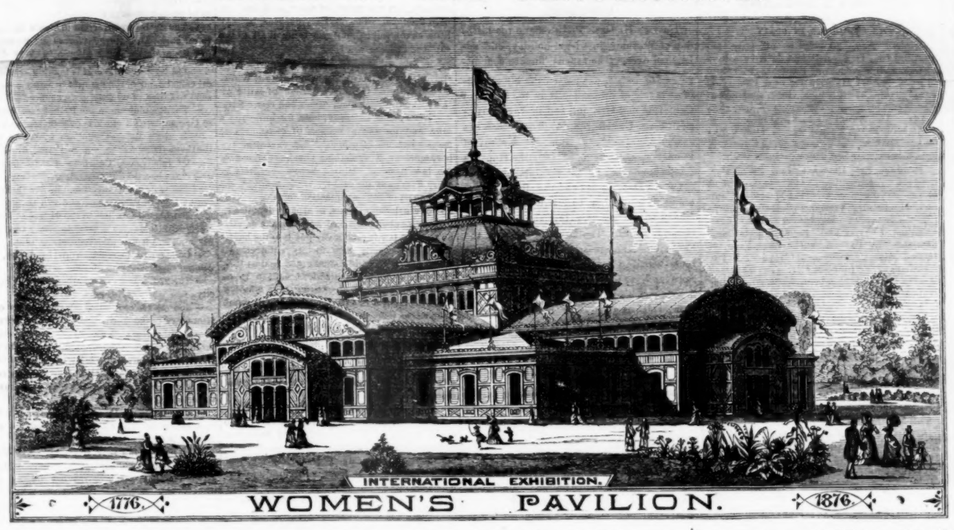
Care should be taken not to plant too near other older trees, lest they overshadow and kill out the new planting, or the overhanging limbs chafe and keep down the leading shoots. I have wasted a great many trees by planting them in the old woods where the spaces seemed large and open, by their being overgrown and shaded out. If I were again to set out young trees among the old woods, I should cut the latter all down clean and let them start again from the stump with the new planting. If this is not done, and it is desirable to keep the old trees, they must then be carefully watched and trimmed and lopped, as the young ones grow up under and about them. And I have lost many trees by their being planted or sowed too near each other. When trees are two or three feet high it seems quite safe to plant them five feet apart, but soon they are too close and the more vigorous crowd out and destroy the weaker. In my seeded plantations in many spots they have come up at the rate of forty thousand trees to the acre, hence my advice to mark off the fields in furrows and sow in them, rather than broadcast. It would be a great saving every way, except in a little labor at the start. Nor in sowing should I now mix the seed of different pines, as I have done, but sow each kind by itself distinctly. For as the Scotch, for instance, comes up promptly it is likely to get the start of the Austrian, the seed of which sometimes lies dormant two or three years, and so overshadows and crowds it out. If the latter were sowed by itself, though it should be slower in germinating, all would be likely to start together and when fairly rooted, make up for lost time. It would not be amiss to plant here and there some desirable kinds of acorns or nuts, for while the pines would grow fastest and keep them down, if for any reason the pines were cut off, the oaks and hickory would come forward very rapidly when open to the sun. A few chestnuts that I have planted under the lee of other trees, have made an extraordinary growth, and in the interior, their habitat, they must be a very profitable tree to plant.

You will bear in mind that I have given you my experience as a planter of trees, much as an incident of farming, and not as a business. Were it taken up as a thing of itself, then it might be advisable to start seed beds and raise one's own trees and nurse them, instead of importing them. I have endeavored to raise a forest about me at the least possible cost of labor, and not looking much to the hurrying of the ready, so as to count up an early profit. The land was denuded and exhausted and moss grown and I took this method to cover it with verdure and restore it, believing that the wood would compensate me or my heirs sooner or later. My records and accounts are very imperfect, because for many years I spent my winters as in the South, and did not come North till midsummer, so I was not over the work, and my farmers, though intelligent, were not particular to note their doings. I have been careless about records myself also.

In closing my discursive remarks, I would say, that considering the position of my place, exposed on the northwest to the violent winds of winter sweeping across Buzzard's Bay, and in the summer, to the strong breezes from the southwest, bringing salt spray from Vineyard Sound, the vigorous growth and promising appearance of my forest plantations is very encouraging to those more favorably placed. Not only may the destruction of our forests be partially remedied at a cheap cost but the waste and sterility of our land, by long cultivating and pasturing, be removed and replaced with fertility, by the simple process of nature. It is much also to restore shade in summer and shelter in winter by the renewal of our forests.

Very respectfully, your obt. serv't.
JOS. S. FAY.

WOMEN AT THE CENTENNIAL.



The Women's Pavilion, of which we present a cut this week, is now nearly completed. It is located near the centre of the exhibition grounds, near the United States buildings, and where it can be easily reached from all parts of the grounds. It is to be filled with the products of women's hands, and will be one of the most attractive features of the centennial exhibition. Applications for space have been received from nearly every foreign country, and many articles are already on the way from European countries.

An addition to the building will be prepared for Educational purposes; the Kindergarten, Object Teaching, and any other branches of education for which women are especially adapted, will be here exhibited.

This beautiful structure, located on Belmont avenue, near the horticultural grounds, covers an area of 30,000 square feet. The design is very attractive, and will contribute in no small degree to the general pleasing appearance of the Exhibition. The material is of wood, roofed over by segmental trusses. The total cost, including decorations, will reach about $50,000.

THE WINTER DAIRY.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman.

In reply to the query of H. P. of Dorchester, Mass., as to the treatment of winter cream, I will give my experience.

I have made more or less butter in winter for four years, and have never once failed to have nice sweet butter, in churning from twenty to forty minutes. As for cows, I have had all kinds. This winter I have had five, from as many different herds; all being milked through the summer, and fed by milk raisers on brewer's grains and the like. Their feed now is good hay, with one part shorts and two parts Indian meal. The milk is kept in the cellar, where the temperature is fifty degrees. I never scald it. Skim at five meals old, in other words, forty-eight hours, never leave longer, at the risk of having the butter bitter. Have the cream free from milk. I keep the cream in stone jars, in a closet in my kitchen, where the temperature is considerably higher than in the cellar. Stir thoroughly twice a day. I put no salt in it. Reason, I see no advantage in it, and do see a disadvantage. My rule for salting butter, is an ounce to a pound, and if I salt the cream how shall I know how much to put in the butter.

Thirty-six hours before churning I set the jars of cream on a table four feet from my kitchen fire, stir the cream often, and turn the jars round so that it shall be of uniform temperature.

I scald the churn thoroughly, and put in the cream, without cooling the churn. I have had twenty pounds of butter a week since November, and no trouble in bringing it, in from twenty to forty minutes, in good condition, and sweet as that made in summer, by following strictly these directions.

When I hear complaints about the difficulty of butter making in winter, I conclude the cause is in the kind of food the cows get, or something wrong in the care of the milk and cream. There may be cases where the trouble is in the cow, but such are rare.

South Lincoln, Mass. M. S. T.

SCOURING.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In the *Ploughman* of February 12th a subscriber wishes to know how to treat a horse with pinworms. My remedy is very simple. Give the horse one pint of hard wood ashes, once a week with his *feed*.—If subscriber will try it he will have no trouble with worms. I have used fine tobacco, five cents worth at a feed, but think ashes the best.

Now for scouring calves, if T. E. M. will go and get some white oak bark and steep it up and give in his milk, from one-half to one teacupfull of it to the calf, pig or sheep, I don't care what, it will stop it. I have tried it on all of these, and never lost one yet.

And now can any of the readers of the *Ploughman* inform me how high wine vinegar is made, and is it the same as is sold for white wine vinegar? A SUBSCRIBER.

Belchertown, Feb. 14th, 1876.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

NOTES AS I READ.

The *Ploughman* of Feb 5, 1876, opens with the work of the month upon the farm, makes a good article, mainly however touching cows and their care. The fruit crop of the coming season, however, gets a hit, because in some sheltered localities, the buds have swollen a little more than is common at this period of the year. From what I read, nearly the whole country ripened its fruit buds and wood very perfectly last season, and only some localities have as yet shown ought to prevent an abundant crop this coming season.

Having done so well with the cows this time, please, good Editor, touch us up with a reminder that winter is a good time to look around and do up chores. Such as the adding here and there a nail to some boarding or hinge, etc. Tell us, to remember to have the excrements of the house put upon an ash or compost pile; tell us to paint over our ploughs, wagons, &c., to put here and there a new rail upon the fence where one is decayed; to clean up thoroughly around the yards, house, barn, etc., so that when working time comes, to go into the garden or field, we shall have no cause for loss of time when it will then be most needed.

FREE TOWN LIBRARIES.

Keep up this point again and again. Call upon all who have a spare copy of a book or magazine, paper, catalogue, etc., to place it in some room which shall be the town library, and from whence all members shall, by making record of their books, name and time taken, be entitled to obtain reading from it at a small cost.

In scattered districts where district schools are the rule, a library, belonging to each district, might be kept in each school house, and exchanges of books made from time to time.

ASPARAGUS

All good—and should be used, as you say, by every family. It is one of the healthiest vegetables we have, and any deep, rich soil will grow it. One grower, whom I know to be at ocessful, ploughs four furrows, two opposite to two—then goes deep back and forth in the land furrows—then spreads plenty of manure—sows salt pretty freely on it—then turns the two first furrows back over the centre and the manure, plants his plants by carefully spreading the roots well on that centre land, each plant ten to twelve inches apart in the line; then turns the two remaining furrows on to the plants, covering them three or four inches. Another pursues a similar course except that he plants in the centre—turns one furrow each way—then manures in each side furrow and turns them upon the manure and so on over the plants. The last man has lighter soil than the first, and claims a benefit by its deeper covering. The best manure I ever used for top dressing, was leaves in a rotted condition by laying in a pile and being often dressed with urine.

SALT AS A FERTILIZER.

The question is appropriate as made by "S. A. W." Had I time this could be made the text for a full column, but I shall now only say that salt sown broadcast, in quantities say, from five to eight bushels to the acre, I have found very beneficial to almost all crops, to grasses and grains especially, and so of many vegetables. It is also one of the best of applications for ground occupied with the quince or pear grown upon quince root. The quantity per acre depends of course upon the condition of the soil; if it has had animal manure a larger quantity may be used than where the ground has been pretty severely cropped. My applications have generally been made in very early spring, and when vegetation fairly starts I use about one bushel of gypsum, plaster of paris, to the acre. F. B. E.

Cleveland, Ohio.

A GOOD COW.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I thought I would send you a few facts about my cow.

The cow dropped a heifer calf the 5th of February, 1875, which we have raised, feeding it on the cow, until it was four weeks old, then we gave it one half of the milk until it was nine weeks old; after that it had one fourth of the milk until twelve weeks; we then gave it skim milk until it was sixteen weeks old. The cow run her milk until the first of December; we churned until the 17th of Nov., making 332 pounds of butter in 278 days, feeding the calf as above stated in the same time. We used new milk freely in the family.

The cow's feed was good hay while in the barn, ordinary pasture in the summer, and one quart of good meal per day through the year. The cow has a male calf by her side born Jan. 23. The cow will be seven years old March 4th, 1876. A. F. F.

Durham, Feb. 11th, 1876.

WINTER BUTTER.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Noticing an inquiry in the *Ploughman*, in regard to the experience of butter makers in the winter time, I herewith communicate some account of my practice in the management of milk, cream and butter in cold weather. I have made butter from a small dairy for upward of twenty years and my practice invariably in cold weather is to heat the milk in the pans when

easily calculated for any size whatever. The size of cisterns should vary according to their intended use. If they are to furnish a daily supply of water, they need not be so large as for keeping supplies, for summer only. The average depth of rain which falls in this latitude, although varying considerably with season and locality, rarely exceeds seven inches for two months. The size of the cistern, therefore, in daily use, need never exceed that of a body of water on the whole roof of the building seven inches deep. To ascertain the amount of this, multiply the length by the breadth of the building, reduce this to inches, and divide the product by 231, and the quotient will be gallons for each inch of depth. Multiplying by seven will give the full amount for two months' rain falling upon the roof. Divide by 31 1-2, the quotient will be barrels. This will be about fourteen barrels for every surface of roof ten feet square, when measured horizontally. Therefore, a cistern for a barn 30 by 40 feet should hold 168 barrels; that is, as large as one ten feet in diameter and nine feet deep. Such a cistern would supply, with only thirty inches of rain yearly, no less than 630 barrels, or nearly two a day. Cisterns intended only for drawing from in times of drought, to hold all the water that may fall, should be about three times the preceding capacity.

MASON.

Windham, N. H., Feb. 17th, 1876.

THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S RECOGNITION OF THE DAY.

Washington, Feb. 21. The President to-day issued the following executive order:

Whereas, The following concurrent resolution has been adopted by the Congress of the United States:

Be it resolved that for the promotion of national feeling throughout the Union on the occasion of the centennial year of our independence, and in order that due honor may be paid to the memory of the patriots who were cause of liberty and the Father of our Country, George Washington, the 22d day of the present month shall be treated and deemed a national holiday throughout the United States in the Government business and so far as is consistent with the public welfare, in all of the departments of the Government, employment shall be suspended for that day, and

Whereas, The spirit and sentiment expressed in said resolution meets with my warmest approval, now, therefore, in pursuance of that purpose, and in harmony with the recommendation of the Congress, I, Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States of America, hereby direct that all business in the Executive departments of the Government shall be suspended on the 22d day of February, 1876, and that said departments shall be closed on that day.

(Signed) U. S. GRANT.

By the President.

HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of the State.

The Maine Pomological Society.

—The winter meeting of the Maine Pomological Society was opened at Lewiston, Feb. 22. President Gilbert made the opening address, and reviewed in brief the effect of last season on fruit. He recommended that the history of the caterpillar plague with remedies, be written; that a catalogue of fruits be supplemented by a catalogue of small fruits made, and a list of the fruits adapted to northern Maine be prepared. He was followed by A. Smith with an essay on orcharding as a business. This gave rise to an extended discussion, in which his views on cultivation, increasing the quantity and pruning were indorsed, while exceptions were taken to the use of fertilizers. Addressed. In the evening there were essays on cherries by Granville Fernald of Hanson, and on small fruits by L. F. Abbott of Wilton.

HORSE NOTES.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.—This famous trotting stallion, who has acquired for himself the title of "The Black Whirlwind of the East," is announced to make the season of 1876 at his owner's, W. B. Smith, Esq., Hartford, Conn.

HEAVY AUCTION SALES.—A recapitulation of sales made at auction during 1875, by P. C. Kidd, Lexington, Ky., makes the following showing: 1,068 Shorthorns sold for $511,469 50, averaging $478 94; 84 thoroughbred horses sold for $35,060, averaging $655 47; 384 trotters sold for $135,-660.50, averaging $232 29. Highest average obtained at any sale of Shorthorns, B. B. Groom, Winchester, Ky., $1,690.50; highest average obtained at a sale of thoroughbred horses, A. J. Alexander, $922 50; highest average of trotters, C. S. Dole, Crystal Lake, Ill., $301.90.

MR. SANFORD'S HORSES.—The London *Sporting Times*, of Jan. 29, observes:

"Admiral Rous has taken a very fair view of the American horses. He has not, on the one hand, acted unfairly to other owners and insultingly to Mr. Sanford by dismissing them contemptuously, nor on the other hand, has he overburdened them with weight. In the International Handicap, for instance, Franklin is assigned only 5 lbs. inferior to Thunder, who, at a mile, we take it, is not more than 4 lbs. below the best animal in training. In the City and Suburban, Lowlander, who, we suppose, must be looked upon, now that Gaiopin is gone, as the champion, is made to give the Mate 21 lbs. In the great Metropolitan, Duke Fred is considered but little inferior to Louise Victoria, and if he is worth anything he should, therefore, have a great chance. The Derby horse Bay Eagle, is placed 5 lbs. below Lizzie Distin."

CATTLE NOTES.

☞ Mr. Herbert Merriam, Weston, Mass., has sold an Ayrshire b. c. to Mr. Pierce of Concord, Mass.

☞ M. R. Chamberlain & Son, Bradford, Vt., have sold young Shorthorns of late to L. B. Church, Lower Waterford; John Kendrick, Newbury; James Armstrong, East Corinth; S. S. Stoddard, Lower Waterford; G. W. Chamberlain, South Newbury; Milo J. Smith & Son, Northampton, Mass., and Mr. Bolton, Monroe, N. H.

JERSEY STOCK.—The following list of transfers are announced as recorded in the Club Record:

Favorite of Staatsburgh 3017, Olive 5th 3019, Queen of Staatsburgh 24 3548, Beewing 3531, and Parrot 1418, W. B. Dinsmore, John Deere, Moline, Ill.

Heiress of Staatsburgh 3606, and Frankie 5th 3542, W. B Dinsmore, James P. Luse, Louisville, Ky.

Louisville 1903, A. G. Herr, W. W. Young, London, Ky., to W. W. Massie, Paris, Ky.

Alice Carpenter 4144, L. S. Hardin, D. W. Voyles, New Albany, Ind.

Capt. Coster 1850, L. S. Hardin, Harding & Downs, Louisville, Ky.

Mimi 970, J. S. Andrews, A. S. Beckman, South Branch, N. J.

Beechander 1790, F. M. Churchman, S. J. Fletcher, Indianapolis, Ind.

Fanny Ogden 1564, and Reno 563, W. Barg Casey, Beech Grove Farm, Indianapolis, Ind.

Gray Friar 567, Edward Howe, James Young, Middletown, Pa.

Duke of Portage 1270, Frank Ford, Dr. J. G. Bigham, Middleburgh, O.

Susie 5th 3605, W. B. Dinsmore, James P. Luse, Louisville, Ky.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

☞ In the Rhode Island Senate a bill was passed appropriating ten thousand dollars to aid the State in its representation at the Centennial Exhibition.

☞ The American book trade have had allotted to them at the Centennial Exhibition a space 117 feet long and thirty-two and a half feet wide. A pavilion will be erected immediately over it, with cases for the display of books, approached by stairways, thus doubling the space allowed.

☞ There will be an international rowing regatta on the Schuylkill River at Philadelphia, under the auspices of the United States Centennial commission, between August 20 and September 15. The races will be under the local management of the Schuylkill navy, and will furnish quarters for the boats of the visiting crews. The arrangements as already made consist of an international race open to all regularly organized boat clubs of the world to be rowed under the rules of the National Amateur Rowing Association of the United States. The prizes are a piece of plate each for fours, for pairs, for doubles and for single sculls, and, in addition, medals to be presented to each man rowing in the race, to be of gold for the winning crew, for the second crew of silver, and the remainder of bronze. There will be an international college race for four-oared shells, the prize to be a piece of plate, with a gold medal to each member of the winning crew; open only to undergraduates. An international graduates' race will be held for four-oared shells, open only to graduates of colleges or universities; the prize being a piece of plate, and a gold medal to each member of the winning crew. Professional races will be held, open to all crews throughout the world, for four-oared, pair-oared and single scull shells for suitable purses, the amounts of which will be announced by the 1st of May, 1876. The amateur races will be rowed in heats one and a half miles straight-away. The professional races will be rowed three miles and return. In addition to the above named prizes, which will be provided by the Schuylkill navy, the United States Centennial commission will award the diploma and medal of the commission to the victors. The Taylor Winship crew of England, who came to this country in 1870, is to represent Great Britain at the Philadelphia Centennial regatta: Joseph H. Sadler, age 37, height 5 feet 9 3-4 inches, weight 160 pounds; James Taylor, age 40, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 148; Robert H. Bagnall, aged 29, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 160 pounds; Thomas Winship (stroke), age 34, height 5 feet 7 1-2 inches, weight 160 pounds.

☞ There were only nine colleges in the Colonies before the Revolution. The first was Harvard, the construction of which was begun in 1636. Nearly sixty years afterward, in 1692, followed the College of William and Mary in Virginia. Next was Yale, in 1700, and then Princeton, in 1745. Rutgers was founded in 1773. King's College was named in the prevalent spirit of loyalty, and bore a crown; but in later times a republican sentiment was substituted, the crown was wrenched away, and the name changed to Columbia College. In 1769 Dartmouth College received its far-resounding name. It had been established originally for the instruction of Indians. After Harvard had been under construction for two years, John Harvard died and left half his estate and all his library to the college. From this gift the institution derived 800*l.* and 220 volumes, and took its benefactor's name. Among the means for raising money for the college were contributions of money, from a few shillings to a hundred pounds, horses, sheep, a silver beer bowl, a peck of corn each year for each member of a family, and many small articles.

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

THE STRUGGLE IN SPAIN.

Madrid, Feb. 20.—It is officially announced that General Primo de Rivera took Estella at 8 o'clock on Saturday morning. It is also officially announced that on Friday, the Carlist leader, General Caldron, was taken prisoner; the enemy's loss was heavy. The Alfonsists lost 300 men.

As soon as the Carlist war is ended 40,000 soldiers will be despatched to Cuba. A battle is expected at Tolosa tomorrow.

Hendaye, Feb. 19.—Large bodies of Carlists are concentrating in the neighborhood of Lesaca in order to oppose General Martinez Campos, who entered Vera this (Saturday) morning. The report that the Alfonsists have occupied Echalar and Pensplata is confirmed. The French authorities have interned 400 Carlists near Bayonne. The members of the junta of Castile, who crossed the border, have also been interned. King Alfonso is expected at Tolosa and San Sebastian.

The Alfonsists have captured Enderiaza and Los Tools and all the heights around Vera.

St. Jean de Lur, Feb. 20.—Don Carlos has dismissed his ministers and confided the direction of his affairs to the military authorities. Advices from Hendaye state that the reports of the alleged Carlist victories lack confirmation.

London, Feb. 21.—A despatch from Madrid to the Times states that the Spanish government has sent a circular despatch to its representatives abroad, announcing the capture by the Alfonsists of Montejurra and the occupation of the Carlist positions above Vera. The despatch admits that the combat was sanguinary, the Carlists fighting with great valor. The Times correspondent with the Carlists acknowledges that their lines were broken on Friday. There was great rejoicing in Madrid last night, and the city was illuminated.

A special despatch to the Standard from Vittoria, dated Friday, says the Carlists were withdrawing their artillery and reserves, and little resistance was expected from them near Tolosa.

THE CARLIST WAR.

Madrid, Feb. 21.—Official bulletins announce that the Alfonsists have captured 23 cannons in Estella. The Carlists sacked the city before the evacuation.

Despatches from the north announce that the royalists continue their successful progress. General Primo di Rivera has occupied the Carlist forts in Navarre. The greatest part of the Carlist artillery at Estella was captured. The Carlists had thrown a portion over the precipices before the arrival of the royalists.

It is reported that Don Carlos fled into France last night. The Carlist resistance at Tolosa is expected to be short on account of the discontent now prevalent among the Carlists. King Alfonso has gone to Azcoitia. He will sleep to-night at Azcoitia.

General Cosenta, with seven battalions and eleven field-pieces, was routed near Vera by three Alfonsist battalions.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

London, Feb. 22.—In the House of Commons to-night a debate took place upon the vote for the purchase of the Suez Canal shares. Lowe and Gladstone criticised the transaction. Their principle objection was the extravagant remuneration allotted the Rothschilds. The government could not have been aware when they bought the shares that they only carried ten votes.

Mr. Gladstone pointed out the great risk England ran by abandoning her position as a champion of the interests of Europe to become the champion of her own selfish interests. He could not view favorably what benefit the country would gain by holding the shares.

Sir Stafford Northcote, chancellor of the exchequer, replied that the government were perfectly aware at the time of the purchase of the shares that they only carried 10 votes.

Disraeli said he thought the discussion showed unmistakably that if Gladstone had been in office the shares would not have been purchased. He defended the Rothschilds' bargain on the ground that it was necessary to act promptly. He did not recommend the purchase as a financial investment, but as a political measure, calculated to strengthen the empire.

The vote was agreed to.

TURKEY.

London, Feb. 21.—The *Pall Mall Gazette's* Berlin special says that in consequence of the representations of the northern powers the Roumanian ministry has given a pledge to abide conscientiously by the rules laid for Roumania's political position and conduct in international treaties, and to regulate their policy accordingly.

Vienna, Feb. 21.—The *Press* publishes the following: "The Greek minister of foreign affairs has communicated to the Greek legation of Europe the report of the Greek consul at Larissa, Turkey, stating that notwithstanding the Sultan's firman, an increase of tithes has been summarily demanded in the provinces of Epirus and Thessaly, and the evidence of Christians is still rejected in the courts. The recent trade remains still a dead letter in these provinces."

Belgrade, Feb. 21.—The Istok newspaper publishes an article declaring that no power can force Servia to be faithless to the insurgents or hold back when the time for action comes. The Turks are pursuing a policy of deception. The Servian people, through the Skupschine, have declared in favor of war with the Turks. The popular voice must be heard. Servia must accomplish a sacred duty or succumb to moral death.

THE REPUBLICAN TRIUMPH IN THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

Paris, Feb. 22.—The last election returns are now in. The members elect are classified as follows:—

Republicans, 198; Conservative reps., 75; Bonapartists, 64; Legitimatists, 26; Conservatives, 22; Constitutionalists, 20; Radicals, 17.

Second ballots in 106 districts are necessary. It is expected that when all the elections are decided the republicans will have 283 seats. Of these, it is estimated that the left will hold 136 and the extreme left 88, so these two sections united will have a working majority in the chamber without the assistance of the left centre. The leaders of the left centre are much concerned at the prospect. Thiers will probably take his seat in the chamber of deputies instead of the senate, in order to moderate the zeal of the republicans.

FORMATION OF A NEW CABINET.

It is stated that President MacMahon has called on M. Dufaure to take charge of the ministry of the interior until the meeting of the chambers.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

London, Feb. 22.—In the commons this evening, the Hon. Robert Bourke, one of the under secretaries for the foreign department, in reply to a question said the government was now negotiating extradition treaties with the South American states, and also for new ones with Russia, France, Belgium and the United States.

THE SPANISH VICTORIES.

London, Feb. 23.—A despatch to the *Standard* from Tolosa says as the Alfonsists entered that city the Carlists retreated toward Alsasua and the Amescoas mountains. Alfonso left Tolosa on Tuesday morning, and reviewed the armies of Generals Loma, Morimores and Campos, which were drawn up on the road from Tolosa to Hernani. He visited Hernani afterwards, and entered San Sebastian amid great popular enthusiasm. The citadel and fleet saluted him.

The *Times* Paris despatch says: "It seems now decided that as soon as the Carlist war is over ex-Queen Isabella will enter Spain. King Alfonso will meet her at the frontier and conduct her to the capital."

Madrid, Feb. 22.—Te Deum was sung in the cathedral here to-day for King Alfonso's entrance into Tolosa. It may now be considered that the war is virtually at an end.

It is officially announced that the Royalist troops captured 36 cannons, besides those captured in Tolosa.

The Carlist leaders Saballs, Pinal, Morales and Lizarraga have entered France.

It is officially confirmed that General Dorregaray has been interned in France.

Rome, Feb. 22.—It is announced that the Vatican has informed Don Carlos that he ought to stop fighting, now that success is hopeless.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 26, 1876.

THE LEGISLATURE.

This body adjourned from last week over the anniversary of Washington's birthday, and the record of legislative proceedings is consequently meagre. Last week, very little was done after our notes were made up that can claim a place in a distinct record. After March 1st., which is now close at hand, all new business that may be introduced will be put over to the next session.

CONGRESS.

The two Houses voted to make the birthday of Washington a legal holiday, and adjourned over. The caucus finance committee of the House has passed the bill regarding the sale of timber-lands in the States of California and Oregon, and in the Territories of the United States. The House has passed the Judiciary Bill. Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, introduced into the House a resolution calling for the correspondence of the State Department and the British Government, in relation to the mode of transferring to this country the amount of the Geneva award. The mode of passing the Centennial Appropriation Bill has called out some exciting discussion in the House. Speaker Kerr has announced his improved health, and his intention to resume his seat soon, which is at present occupied by Mr. Cox, of New York, by the election of the House.

THE MEAT QUESTION.

The sources of meat supply having greatly changed in consequence of the movements of the world's population, the question of providing this substantial food for the markets of England and America is coming more prominently into discussion than at any time before,—a discussion hastened by the rise in the price of meats in both countries. The price went to its highest point with us at the close of the war, and the review of any price list of beef, mutton and pork will show what that point was. It is a fact that the laboring man cannot procure meat for his family as often as once a day without difficulty, when there ought to be a pretty good assurance for his being able to obtain it at reasonable rates twice a day in order to properly sustain his physical condition. American beef is at present being exported to England in increasing quantities, the experiment having fairly established its success.

The *Mark Lane Express* of a very recent date welcomes these substantial American importations, and expresses the hope that they are a sure promise of relief from the threatened meat famine in England. "The most interesting event in the cattle-trade during the month," it says, "has been the arrival of a moderate quantity of dead meat from America. The present operation is merely tentative, but it has proved so successful that there is no doubt that this new branch of enterprise will be extended. The consignments have come to hand in excellent condition, and have been disposed of at such prices as to render the operation profitable. The meat is kept sweet by the cold dry-air process." Cargoes of beef are still going out to England from New York, and this new branch of trade promises to become as large and profitable as the wheat and cotton trade, with which it will unite itself as a staple.

THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE HUDSON.

Since the proposed railroad bridge at Poughkeepsie, half way between Albany and New York, has been fairly presented to the public consideration, it has been growing rapidly in favor as an enterprise, and is already in the way of assured success. It is urged for a Bridge property like this that when once constructed it is a finished matter, not to be furnished with expensive rolling stock like a railroad, needing few repairs, beyond the demands of insurance, and altogether a solid, permanent value for the investment of capital. The present bridge is to span the river at a height above all vessels' reach, and therefore will be free from the large expense of constant drawtending. It will be like a great toll-gate, stationed there to take tribute from the railroads that will inevitably and immediately direct their course to this central outlet for their traffic, which will be wonderfully augmented by its facilities.

Upon New England its influence cannot fail to be instantaneous and wonderful. It is to open a vast coal and oil region, whose resources now yield us of the East but an inconsiderable annual trade, but which will be stimulated to a remarkable production on the completion of this enterprise. Then it penetrates, by means of the railroads that will cross it, to the great circle of rich and prosperous commercial cities of the interior, the West and Southwest, which will be brought into intimate relations with us forthwith. It will be like a sudden acquaintance with entirely new conditions. We do not begin to realize the number of interests which this bridge will hasten to develop or bring into being. But the first and chief consideration is the cheapening of coal to New England, whose supplies will then be received direct from the mines, and at a greater reduced cost of transportation. From the tolls taken in coal freight alone it will at once pay large dividends. We rejoice to note the interest felt in it, and hope soon to record its complete success.

LEAVING FORTUNES.

There is a vast deal of misapprehension about the propriety, and even about the reputability, of working a life through in order to leave large sums of money to expectant children. The feeling is a perfectly natural one to start with, but takes on the various forms of personal and family vanity afterwards. It is no man's duty to devote a long life to the task of protecting his offspring against the changes and chances of the world, which come all the same, if not more certainly, to those who are left with money but without necessary experience, as to those who have to work their own way from the beginning. The dependent condition of childhood vanishes in a few years, and then it becomes every one's duty to make his own way and character. To have everything in life comfortably provided for him is just as wrong as it would be to deprive one of the liberty to get his own rightful experience, without which he has lived to little or no purpose.

In the case which we are discussing, both the parent and the offspring are denied what belongs to them in their passage through the world. The one is a slave, and the other is of no use. Money as a start in life is one thing; money that shall keep one from the effort to accomplish any purpose whatever, is quite another thing. To give a child a proper preparation for the duties of life is what all parents ought certainly to regard as a sacred obligation; but beyond that they cannot be charged with any obligation whatever. The child is soon to supplant the parent, and must act a part of his own. What sort of progress should we make if all the parents of one generation could provide so bounteously for their offspring as to make all exertion on their part unnecessary? Anybody can see the folly of this theory, upon which so many parents base the conduct of their lives. Let each take his own turn; there is no poverty so wretched as of being characterless.

The Northampton Robbery.—There seems to be a mystery on top of the original mystery in connection with the robbery of the Northampton Bank. The citizens have an idea that the booty has never yet been carried beyond the limits of the town, but is secreted there for removal at some future time when the affair shall have "blown over." Acting on that supposition, or information, patrols have been vigilantly maintained and all persons entering or leaving the town have been promptly challenged. No one has gone in or come out, in fact, who is not known to the citizens, so that no such thing as a box could be very well carried away without discovery. The securities taken from the Bank are said to be numerous enough to fill an ordinary trunk, so that their removal, or the approach of any suspicious person for the purpose of their removal, would be known instantly. The President and other officers of the Bank have been to New York recently, but the result of their visit has not been disclosed. The mystery deepens, but any little circumstance may yet bring it all to the surface.

— The New York *World* is making arithmetical calculations of the amount of cottons we can send to China, if we only get a chance.

— The Republicans in the French elections are so far completely victorious over their opponents.

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— Of late years, Charlotte Cushman never played for less than $500 a night.

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— Irwin, the former agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, has been arrested on the charge of embezzling the sum of $750,000 from the Company's and funds.

— The Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society has this week celebrated its sixth anniversary, in this city.

— In January there were sixty railroad accidents in the country, by which eight persons were killed and twenty-nine injured.

— The Hoosac Tunnel Line is now bringing a cargo of grain to load a ship for Great Britain. The grain is delivered on board ship four days from Toledo.

— California is about to establish a State detective force, to hunt down her bandits and highwaymen.

— Much distress is reported to be prevailing among the laboring classes in Canada.

— The King of Sweden has joined the editorial fraternity, whereat there is a great cackle, as if a king was to be compared with an editor.

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— The very boys of Northampton are now emulating the doings of the burglars who carried off the wealth of that town.

Senator Sharon's Party.—William Sharon, one of the United States Senators from Nevada, has not thus far in the session taken his seat, a fact which has excited general remark. When at last he was ready to come East, a magnificent banquet was tendered him at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, an account and description of which has made a fairy spot in the columns of the newspapers for the past week. As a piece of pure luxuriousness it must be counted a success. Silver was displayed in all forms and designs, the bill of fare being printed on solid sheets of silver of the thickness of a quarter of a dollar. Mirrors were ingeniously placed in the bay-windows, with which Palace Hotel abounds in whose depths were reflected plants and flowers that created the illusion of endless conservatories. The candelabras were banks of twinkling wax candles. The tables sparkled with silver and glass, amongst which were placed boquets whose fragrance filled the noble apartments. It was altogether a fairy scene, and showed what Bonanza can do in California for hotel owners who represent States outside of the one in which the banquet is given.

READ AND RUN.

— Boston is deliberate about getting a new Superintendent of Public Schools.

— James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, is to be married on the 17th of April.

— An exchange says that the Fat Man's Ball is the only place where there is certain not to be a slim attendance.

— Herr Von Bulow observes that "for a certain kind of technical knowledge and depth of musical cultivation, Boston stands first." Now New York will be mad.

— A wealthy Brooklyn baker has been convicted of suicide. So it seems that money doesn't exactly drive away the bad feelings.

— Landis, who shot the editor Carruth at Vineland, N. J., though acquitted of murder on the ground of insanity has since been pronounced perfectly sane.

— Kisses are sold at Iowa fairs at ten cents apiece, or three for a quarter.

— It is the computation of Philadelphia; that she can accommodate three hundred thousand persons a day during the Centennial term, and not feel it.

— The pilot extortion at Hell Gate, which is such a swindling tax on Eastern commerce, will be broken up by the passage of a pending bill through Congress.

— The late John Forster, the English biographer, bequeathed nearly the whole of his property to Lord Lytton, on account of his life-long friendship for the latter's father.

— An exchange wittily compares the attempt to do business without advertising to winking at a pretty girl in the dark; you may know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

— More and more is the ice crop pronounced a failure.

— Frost, the murderer confined in the Worcester jail, rouses up his jailer at night to play a game of checkers.

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Death Penalty in Maine.—Capital punishment has been abolished in Maine, and a new experiment is to be at once entered upon. The result of the same experiment in other States has not been particularly encouraging to its repetition here. Michigan has rejected it after what it considered a fair trial, and Wisconsin feels that it will have to return to the old method. On the other hand, New York is perfectly conscious that the number of murders is nowise diminished within her borders by retaining the death penalty on the statute book, but that may be because so very few are actually executed in proportion to the number of capital offences. That is probably where the trouble lies, and it is not likely to be got rid of in Maine by softening the penalty, when there is no more certainty that imprisonment for life will not be made term imprisonment than hanging will be forbidden by the discreemens of jurors.

Russia's Finger.—The troubles of Turkey with her provinces have no such remote and mysterious cause as some would imagine. Russia has long made it her business to stir Turkey up at regular intervals, in order to make her feel the insecurity of her place in Europe. The Northern power now encourages Roumania to refuse fealty to pay the taxes which Russia is about to collect for her revenues, and has supported the advice with the concentration of a large force on the frontier, offering to back up the resistance of that province with an army of 150,000 men. This is more open than anything that Russia has undertaken of late, and may tend to stir up the feelings of the Western Powers. Yet the times are very different from what they were in the Crimean War, twenty years ago. Instead of resisting Russia's march to the East at Constantinople, England's policy now is to abandon the Turk to his fate and plant herself at the Suez Isthmus, where she is impregnable.

The Grave of Charlotte Cushman.—Those who were most intimately acquainted with Miss Cushman state that she often expressed a desire to be buried as near the place of her birth as circumstances would permit. With this view she visited Mt. Auburn Cemetery during of late and inspected a number of lots and tombs then for sale. Several of these occupy very prominent portions of the cemetery, and are surrounded with monuments; but none seemed to suit the simple taste of Miss Cushman, and she pleasantly remarked to one of the attendants, "They are all grand, but haven't you a lot for me where I can obtain an unobstructed view of Boston?" She was informed that there were a few lots for sale back of the tower, whereupon she said. "Oh, well, let us look at them." When the lady and the official were on their way to the place designated the graves of some of her once warmest friends were passed, and at each she paused for a moment and related some pleasant anecdote connected with their lives. Palm avenue, situated at the eastern side of the ground, was reached, and standing upon a little eminence Miss Cushman exclaimed, "This is a delightful spot; see yonder lies dear old Boston." The lot is numbered 4236, and was at once purchased and orders given by her to have it properly cared for. Last summer she again visited the place in company with a party of other ladies, and appeared to be greatly pleased with the selection she had made. Though but a short distance from the central part of Mt. Auburn, its location is strikingly beautiful, being within full view of this city and overlooking the widest part of Charles River.

Soon after two o'clock Monday, the funeral cortege entered the cemetery, and wending its way through the devious paths and avenues halted at the foot of the hill leading to Palm avenue. The casket was then taken from the hearse, placed upon a bier and borne to the grave. Though great numbers of people and sorrowing friends witnessed the services at the church, the number who followed her to the grave was less than one hundred, while the majority of these were ladies. A small portion of the flowers sent from New York and dispatched by parties in this city, were placed at the head and about the grave. The burial service was read by Rev. Mr. Foote, who concluded with a prayer, after which the body of Charlotte Cushman was lowered into its final resting place. The grave is fashioned similar to a vault, having a slate bed with sides and ends built of brick. A few minutes were given to those who desired to look for the last time on the

Editor's Table.

☞ The *Atlantic* has the "Legend of Ora Coeli," by Mr. Aldrich, and one of his best poems, an essay by John Fiske on the "Unseen World," an article on "Victor Charbuliez," by T. S. Perry, a first paper on "The Carnival at Rome," a paper on "The Welsh in America," and Howell's "Private Theatricals," a poem by Celia Thaxter, and Mrs. Kimbie's "Old Woman's Gossip." Mr. Fiske's article is of profound interest. A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Harper's Monthly* brings forward an unusual strength of female writers, the famous Goethe Knot leading them all with her new story of "Daniel Deronda." Mrs. Lamb writes in a reminiscential historical way of the old town of "Lynne," in Connecticut, and Miss Brackett gives an account of "Vassar College," Mr. E. P. Wolppie writes the sixteenth of the series of essays on the "First Century of the Republic," of course treating of American Literature. Harper is a rather great number for March. A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Peterson's Magazine* is out for March, with a fine line of embellishments and letter-press. From frontispiece to the end of the book it shows heavy Western and Southern influence, while larger portions are the receipts of the central Railroad regions.

Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs
..... 22	—	14
..... 122	6	7
..... 17	31	5
..... 14	31	5
..... 19	1	10
..... 11	11	3
..... 314	99	104

Comparative statement of the number of cattle at the week ending noon Wednesday, Feb. 23, 1876:

	Last Week.	Total since Jan. 1.
Cattle	5,254	25,849
Sheep	14,000	72,200
Swine	5,500	19,000

For comparative value to correspond with the market this week see Market Notes. Last week.

75 @ 6 50	6 75 @ 6 40
25 @ 6 25	6 25 @ 6 75
50 @ 6 00	6 00 @ 6 50
25 @ 5 75	5 75 @ 6 00
25 @ 5 50	5 50 @ 5 75

☞ *Godey's Lady's Book* presents a striking picture of "Marie Antoinette leaving her Prison for the Scaffold," and is made up of a perfect wealth of fresh fashion plates, which all ladies chief consult and study, patterns, receipts stories, poems, music and brief sections. The number is really brilliant. A. Williams & Co.

☞ The *Popular Science Monthly* contains eleven articles, all instructive and interesting to the reader. Among them are—"The History of Sound," "Natural History of the Kamtschatka Life in Greenland; Science and Religion; Plasticity of Instinct; A Museum Exchange; The Nature of Fluorescence; and Sketch of T. S. Hunt (with Portrait.) The editorial department is varied and valuable. A. Williams & Co.

☞ *Vick's Language of Flowers* and Floral Conversation is one of the prettiest little issues in floricultural literature that we have seen. It is now issued in a second edition, in two style of binding, and is much enlarged and improved. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ *Longacre & Co's Centennial Picture* is a fine lithograph in black and two tints, printed on heavy plate paper, for the low price of $1.00 a retail. This firm are engravers and lithographers in Philade phia, and they have done up the Centennial scene as it will not need to be done again.

Dried Fruit, &c., Nov. 28.	
Sundried Peaches	11 @ 13
Evaporated do	9 @ 10
Pared do	17 @ 20
Pigs' Feet	6 @ 7
Tongues	13 @ 14
Hams	13 @ 14
Shoulders	10 @ 11
Mutton.	
Lamb, spring lb	15 @ 20
Veal	12 @ 15
Beef, whole	10@

The Poet's Corner.

AT SUNSET.

There comes at night, O dear and true!
Along the path that we pursue
Its shadow drinks the morning dew;
We see it creep
Across the living bloom we tread,
A thing too fugitive to dread,
And yet we weep—

Light tears for rainbow uses meet;
Half-fears, that quicken failing heat,
And prick our lazy bliss to sweet
Self-consciousness,
That else might sometimes in a trance,
Too prodigal of time and chance,
Forget to bless!

If in mid-heaven hung our sun,
If all our path were overrun
With flowers that missed the graces won
From shadows gray,
Beloved, thou mightest fail to keep
My feet from falling on the steep
And dusty way,

Nor always guard mine eyes from tears.
In the wide margin of those years
Where all the room for speech appears
That love doth crave,
The silent speech of hand to hand
Might be less dear, in that strange land
That had no grave.

—ANNIE R. ANNAN, in *March Atlantic*.

Ladies' Department.

A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.

In the year 1841, the now flourishing city of Steubenville, Ohio, was a very small place. Its population was noted for its quiet and orderly character, and there was not a single liquor saloon in the place. The judges often had occasion to congratulate the people upon not having a single criminal case upon their calendar.

In consequence there was intense excitement in Steubenville, when, at an early hour in the morning of the 17th of November, in the above-mentioned year, the report reached the place that the corpse of a man had been found in the woods within a hundred yards of the last house of the town, and close to the Pittsburg turnpike, with every indication that an atrocious murder had been committed. The sheriff, accompanied by some fifty citizens, immediately hastened to the spot indicated to him by the person who had discovered the remains of the murdered man. That person was a decrepit old woman, who had gone out to gather brushwood. No one would have suspected her under any circumstances of having had anything to do with the bloody deed, and beside, she manifested such unfeigned horror in describing what she had seen at the dismal spot in the woods, that she was unhesitatingly allowed to go about her business.

Upon arriving at the scene of the supposed murder, the sheriff and his companions saw at a glance that a terrible murder had been committed. The dead man was covered all over with frozen gore, and seven wounds, apparently inflicted with a sharp knife, were found upon the body. His head was still covered with a nice felt hat. His face presented a most ghastly aspect.

A terrible gash extended from the left temple to the right jaw. Another gash was in the forehead. The victim was dressed in a substantial fur coat. He was apparently about forty-two years old.

When his pockets were examined they were found to be entirely empty. But close to the body was found an old fashioned wallet. It was still open, as if its contents had been taken from it, and as if he who had emptied it, had afterward thrown it away.

At a distance of about ten yards from the corpse, near an old log, lay a peculiarly shaped fur cap. It could not have belonged to the murdered man, for, as we have said before, he had his hat on his head.

The ground was covered with snow, and there were a number of light footprints visible in it. These were the only indications of the perpetrator of the horrible crime.

The coroner was sent for, and until his arrival the sheriff and his companions went to the Ohio tavern, which, was situated at no great distance from the scene of the murder.

When the sheriff told the landlord of the murder, and described to him the appearance of the corpse, the landlord exclaimed at once:

'Great God! that poor fellow cannot be anybody else than Mr. Samuels, the Pittsburg cattle dealer. He was here last night, and took supper with another man from Pittsburg, whose name I believe was Belson or Wilson, and who rode on toward Pittsburg immediately after he had left the table. Mr. Sammis sat in the front room with me and Jack Capon for an hour, when the two went out together.'

Jack Capon was a dissolute, but very good natured fellow, about thirty years old, who had a decided aversion to work, and a still more decided predilection for strong drink.

He could not get any whiskey at Steubenville, and hence he often walked for miles and miles in order to obtain a 'wee drop' of whiskey. When he was successful he returned with his hat full of bricks to Steubenville where he had frequently been punished by the 'squire' for intoxication, with fine and imprisonment. Still, everybody liked him because he had an excellent, unselfish heart, and never forgot a favor done him.

'What sort of hat did Capon wear last night?' asked the sheriff.

'Why, no hat, but a fur cap—made of beaver skin—with two ear covers.'

'Was this the cap?' asked the sheriff, producing the fur cap which he had found near the corpse of the murdered man, and which he had thus far been holding under his cloak.

'Yes,' exclaimed the landlord, 'that is Capon's hat, and no mistake. Where did you find it?'

The sheriff told him. Everbody seemed horror struck at the idea that poor Jack Capon should have committed so atrocious a crime.

Men were immediately dispatched to hunt up Jack Capon. They did not find him at his wonted haunts in Steubenville; but a man who was well acquainted with him, and who said if he could be found anywhere it would be at the cabin of old Sim Brooks.

Brooks lived in the woods on the Pittsburg side of Steubenville, about one mile from the spot where the corpse of Mr. Sammis had been found. Like Jack Capon, old Brooks was fond of whiskey, and the two would frequently drink together until they were utterly oblivious of the cares and sorrows of this world, which, as they thought, had not treated either of them too well.

So to Brooks' cabin went the men. They knocked at the front door, which was locked. For several minutes there was no response. At last old Brooks himself opened the door. They saw at a glance that he was in an alarming state of intoxication.

'Is Jack Capon here?' they asked.

'Ye-ye yes,' hic-coughed Brooks; 'he is lying asleep yonder, behind the stove.'

Then the drunken old fellow went back to his lounge, and in a minute later he was sound asleep again. The men stepped up to Capon. He was drunk also. His coat and shirt were covered with blood. They exchanged significant glances, and aroused him not without considerable difficulty.

'What do you want?' he asked, yawning.

'The sheriff wants you, Jack.'

'The sheriff! What for? I hain't done nothing.'

'You are suspected of having murdered a Mr. Sammis, of Pittsburg.'

'Go away! I murdered a Mr. Sammis? You must be loony.'

'Look at yourself.'

Capon looked at his clothes. The sight of the bloody stains on them caused him to sober up at once.

'How did I get these stains on my coat and shirt?' he stammered out at last.

'Don't you know anything about them?' they asked.

'No—no!' You say murder was committed?'

'Come—come, Jack Capon,' they replied; 'you can't fool anybody by pleading ignorance. What did you do with your cap?'

He looked about the room.

'Some one must have taken it away,' he said at last.

'You left it near the corpse of the murdered man.'

'Was it found there? Great God—Great God!'

He buried his face in his hands and began to cry.

Then he followed the men who also took old Sim Brooks along, willingly, to the Ohio tavern, where the coroner had meanwhile arrived. The sheriff appeared soon afterward with some men who were carrying the gory, frozen corpse of the victim. Jack Capon was conducted to the corpse. As he caught sight of it he recoiled in horror.

'It's Mr. Sammis,' he gasped out. 'Poor Sammis, who has murdered him?'

'You were the last seen in his company,' said the sheriff; 'your cap was found near the corpse; your clothes are blood stained; who but you can be the murderer?'

'I am innocent!' cried Capon, desperately. 'I got tight at Brooks'. I don't know how I got this blood on my clothes, nor how my cap got near the corpse. I have even forgotten that I was with this poor gentleman.'

The coroner impanneled a jury, and in the first place, took them to the spot in the woods where the murder had been committed. Jack Capon, who had been, meanwhile, heavily ironed, was also conveyed thither. The foot prints near the point where the corpse of the murdered man had lain, were not very distinct, but they seemed to correspond exactly with the soles of Capon's shoes.

Returning to the Ohio tavern, the coroner swore Sim Brooks, who by this time had become perfectly sober, and who stated that last night, about half past ten o'clock, Jack Capon had come to his cabin and asked him if he had any whiskey. He had given him half-a-dozen drinks, whereupon Capon had wanted more, but he had no more. Capon had then showed him a ten dollar gold piece, and had asked him if he knew where any whiskey could be bought. He had answered if he would go to Mike Perry's he might get some. There Capon had gone, and returned with whiskey, but without his cap, and with his shirt and the front of his coat all bloody.

Brooks added that he had asked Capon how he got the blood on him. Capon was so drunk that he could not give a very intelligible account of what had happened to him, but he said something about having had a fall and hurt himself.

Upon hearing this evidence the prisoner exclaimed:

'Yes—yes, that's true—I do remember it now. I made a short cut through the woods to Mike Perry's house, where I got the whiskey, and returned by pretty much the same route, when I stumbled over something, and fell.'

The jury returned a verdict against him, and he was committed for trial. His pockets were then examined, and the ten dollar gold piece, which Sim Brooks had mentioned, was found in one of them, and had taken an interest in him, had given it to him. This was considered a very flimsy falsehood, and everybody was convinced that Jack Capon was guilty.

A messenger, with the news of Sammis' murder was dispatched to Pittsburg, where it created a profound sensation. It turned out that the murdered man had had nearly twenty thousand dollars in large bank bills about his person. Sammis' brother Mark, a wholesale grocer, and a very energetic man, accompanied the messenger back to Steubenville, and engaged special counsel to assist in the prosecution of Capon. The latter was tried and convicted, but the jury having to fix his punishment, he was not sentenced to death, but to imprisonment at hard labor for life.

The prisoner was overwhelmed with grief because of his conviction. He never tired of protesting his innocence, until his eyes were constantly red and swollen from weeping. He was taken to the penitentiary at Columbus, where he was at first very harshly treated; but his amiable disposition was not long in making so agreeable an impression upon the keepers that many privileges were granted to him. These he never abused; on the contrary, he proved an efficient assistance to the prison authorities on more than one occasion, so that they wondered how this good natured man could have been capable of committing so heinous a crime.

Five years passed by, when an event occurred which proved beyond a doubt that Capon was after all an entirely innocent man.

A cotton broker named Wilson, at Savannah, Ga., had long been on bad terms with his wife. Finally he charged her with adultery, and sued for a divorce. The wife thereupon accused him of having murdered a man on the 16th of November, 1841, on the day after leaving Pittsburg, Pa., and of having robbed his victim of twenty thousand dollars in five hundred and one thousand dollar bank bills.

She said that she had to wash on the next day, when he unexpectedly returned to Pittsburg, her husband's shirt, which had been blood stained, and she charged him with having killed somebody. He had confessed to her what he had done, and they had left Pittsburg a few days later, and gone South.

Wilson was arrested, and the authorities at Steubenville at once communicated with. The sheriff who had arrested Capon, and who was still in office, came personally to Savannah with a requisition from the Governor of Ohio. When he had his first interview with Wilson, the latter, who was terrified beyond measure by the prospect of the scaffold, asked him whether a full confession would save him.

'If you are guilty, it will be, maybe, the only thing that will save your life,' replied the sheriff.

Thereupon Wilson made a clean breast of it. He said he had waylaid Sammis, who had left his horse at a house three miles from Steubenville, and attacked him with a knife. Sammis had offered the most desperate resistance, and had compelled him to stab him often before he had succumbed.

When the sheriff arrived with his prisoner at Steubenville, the exasperated people there could be barely prevented from lynching Wilson.

The governor of the State, upon receiving a certified copy of Wilson's confession, immediately granted a full pardon to Capon, to whom the legislature, which happened to be in session at Columbus at the time, voted the sum of one thousand dollars to indemnify him for the sufferings he had innocently undergone.

It is needless to try to describe Capon's joy at this unexpected change in his fortunes. He returned to Steubenville, where the people received him amid manifestations of unfeigned joy.

At the next term of the Circuit Court, Wilson was sentenced to be hanged, the court saying that the enormity of his crime had been augmented by his suffering an innocent man to be punished for it.

Capon gave a proof of genuine magnanimity by going to Columbus and asking the governor to spare Wilson's life; but the governor refused to interfere. So Wilson was hanged at Steubenville, on the 4th of January, 1847.

THE BABY'S DEATH.

How tenderly Louise Chandler Moulton touches upon that sharpest grief a mother's heart can know—the death of the little blossom which unfolded so gently beneath her love, to which the wise Father has gathered to Himself:

There came a morning at last when the baby's eyes did not open. Dr. Erskine felt the heart throb faintly under his fingers, but he knew it was beating its last. He trembled for Elizabeth, and dared not tell her. She anticipated him.

'Doctor,' she said—and her voice was so passionless that it might almost have belonged to a disembodied spirit—'I know that my darling is dying.'

He bowed his head mutely. Her very calmness awed him.

'Is there anything you can do to ease her?'

'Nothing. I do not think she suffers.'

'Then will you please to go away? She is mine—nobody's but mine, in her life and in her death, and I want her quite to myself at the last.'

Sorrowfully enough he left her.

Elizabeth held the child closely, but gently. She thought in that hour she never loved anything else—never in the world should love anything else. She wanted to cry, but her eyes were dry and burning, and not a tear fell on the little upturned face, changing so fast to marble. She bent over and whispered something in baby's ear—a wild, passionate prayer that it would remember her again in the infinite spaces. A look seemed to answer her—a radiant, loving look, which she thought must be born of the near heaven. She pressed her lips in a lost despairing agony of love to the little face, from which already, as she kissed it, the soul had fled. Her white wonder had gone home. This which lay upon her hungry heart was stone.

THE WOMAN WHO HAS THE CHARM OF NEATNESS.—It is difficult to be rude or rough or coarse if her spotless presence; it is impossible to be unduly loud and familiar with a woman whose dress bears the impress at once of refinement and reserve. "Clean linen," says St. Paul, "is next to godliness," and even the ungodliest man is ready to put off his mental shoes and acknowledge he is on holy ground in the presence of a pure and spotless woman. We do not like to think of any lady having to rush away in abject terror if by chance one of her husband's friends should call during the forenoon. Dress is not without its influence on address. A woman in her night-gown will seldom be in her wrong temper. She will feel at ease, not racked as to the 'sit' of her bib and tucker, or exercised as to the angle of her topknot. Not needing to think of herself, she will be better able to think of her guests, and will enter into the conversation of the moment with a gayety and gusto that will charm her visitors. Should, on the contrary, her gown 'gag,' her shoes be down at heel, her hair untidy, embarrassment and preoccupation will sit heavy upon her.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

HOPE ON, WORKER.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"Hope is the working man's dream."—*Proverb.*

Who *should* hope, if not the man
Carrying out God's chosen plan,
Working as his lot may be,
On the land, or on the sea?

Honest toil makes life complete,
Sleep secure, and coarse bread sweet;
For the toiler never knows
Aught that makes the idler's woes.

See the busiest in the throng!
Light his heart and clear his song;
Though, attired in hodden-gray,
Home from work he speeds his way.

Mark the farmer's merry eye
As he gleans the wheat and rye,
Sows his seed, or ploughs the soil,
Happy in his chosen toil.

Work of hand, or work of brain,
Shall not be put forth in vain;
In life's sunshine and its shower,
Hope for those shall bud and flower.

Only do the idlers lack
(Ever on the mental rack)
Hope, to light the track ahead—
Hope, to make a downy bed!

Blessed toil that glids our days,
Covering up the thorny ways;
Never let us miss thy crown,
Till in death we lay it down.

Rejected Contribution.

The editor had folded up his exchanges just as the level light glimmering through his by no means immaculate "sanctum" windows indicated that the glorious orb of day, somewhat obscured by fog and metropolitan smoke, was about to disappear behind, not exactly the western hill, but western roofs and chimney pots.

Karl Rubens, the editor of the *Weekly Shiner*, was a tall, bright looking man of thirty years, one of those individuals whose very face and features indicate that they are born to conquer destiny. He had been very successful through life, but it was because he had demanded success with a courageous persistency that would not be denied. Brown-haired, with careless, wavy locks, dropping low upon his forehead, and dark brown eyes, verging upon black, he was not handsome. Yet the eye rested with pleasure upon his face, and in his light editorial coat, somewhat worn on the elbows and shiny at the seams, and the velvet cap, tasseled and braided with gold, he looked every inch a chivalrous man. Or, we might phrase it "gentleman," did we not secretly believe the former title is far the nobler and most comprehensive of the two.

As we said before, Mr. Rubens had just finished the perusal of his last exchanges, when the door opened softly, and a beautiful young lady rustled in. A young lady whom he had met a score of times in the gas-lighted drawing rooms of "society," whose society he had worshiped afar off, and whom he unconsciously associated in his mind with diamonds, pearly silks and tulle draperies, looped up with hot-house flowers.

He started up, coloring, and thrusting his scissors behind a pile of papers.

'Miss Ainslie!'

'Am I interrupting you, Mr. Rubens?' she asked, softly.

'Interrupting me? Not the least in the world; in fact, I feel very much honored by—by—please take a chair.'

And Karl tipped a heap of yet unscissored newspapers off the nearest chair and drew it eagerly forward. Blanche Ainslie sat down, her pale-blue silk dress subsiding round her like the billows of a sapphire sea.

Miss Ainslie was very young, with azure eyes, and bright, chestnut-brown hair, while her complexion, although rather pale, was clear as ivory, and her features were as delic te as if she had been a Greek girl in the days of old Praxiteles.

While Karl unconsciously noted these things in his mind, he was marveling inwardly what lucky chance had procured him this visit. Did she mean to invite him to one of the *soirees* of her uncle, the rich old broker, or was some surprise party on the tapis, to send out notes for the ordinary medium of cards or scented paper? For Mr. Rubens rather prided himself upon the *entree* he was beginning to gain within the enchanted portals of the town's society. Almost at the same moment Blanche looked up.

'You are wondering what brings me here?' she said, half seriously.

'Whatever it was, I can but thank the opportunity,' Karl answered, with prompt gallantry, although he could feel the tell-tale blood rising to his cheek.

'And I may as well tell you the truth at once,' said Blanche, her voice faltering slightly, and two red spots glowing out upon her temples. 'My Uncle George failed last week—and we are going to be very poor.'

'Failed!' echoed Karl. 'Surely it cannot be possible—at least—that is, I had not heard of it!'

'But it is true, nevertheless,' Miss Ainslie said; 'and all the world will know of it but too soon. And, Mr. Rubens,' she added, in a lower and more hesitating voice, 'I must do something for my own support—either teach, sew, play companion to an invalid lady, or earn my living in some way not unbefitting a gentleman's daughter; and I have concluded to try and write for the papers.'

'Indeed!' said Karl, not knowing what else to say.'

'Will you give me a chance in the columns of the *Shiner*?' she asked, with a very evident effort. 'I believe I could write as good stories as some of those that you publish and pay for.'

Mr. Rubens was sorely puzzled what to say. How could he tell this pretty creature sitting there before him, in the halo of her youth and beauty and high social position, that she could no more hope to succeed as a sketch writer than a man could expect to build a house or construct a steam engine without an hour of practice or experience? Had she been an aged, shabby, spectacled old lady, or a middle-aged female, with cotton gloves and high cheek bones, it would have been easy enough. As it was, her blue eyes shining wistfully into his, seemed to paralyze the very nerves of his tongue.

'I have got a little story here,' went on Blanche, producing a neatly folded packet, 'which I have worked very hard upon, and—if you would kindly look at it, and give me your unprejudiced opinion——'

'Certainly,' said Karl, recovering his self-possession, and bowing as he took the packet.

'There are some verses, too,' said Blanche, reddening, 'and a little essay or two, written as spicily as possible. Shall I come tomorrow and get your opinion?'

'By no means,' said Mr. Rubens, politely. 'I will not trouble you to come down to this unfashionable locality. If you will allow me to call and see you——'

'I shall be so much obliged!' said Miss Ainslie eagerly, and Karl knew that she meant it.

Blanche Ainslie went away leaving an intangible little scent of attar roses behind her—and the sun dipped down behind the chimney tops, and the sanctum became dark and gloomy all at once.

'How pretty she is!' Karl Rubens thought; 'but, pshaw! the idea of *her* writing for the papers! Poor child, how little idea she has of the life that lies before her. However, I will take the papers to Di, and see what she says about 'em.'

Miss Diana Rubens was a strong-minded young lady, of a certain age, who read Carlyle, translated Hebrew, kept house for her brother, and did nearly as much of the 'heavy work' of the *Weekly Shiner* as did the editor himself.

'Fiddlesticks!' said Miss Diana, as her brother, over his evening cup of tea, tossed the manuscripts toward her, and related his story. 'Little Blanche Ainslie could no more write for the paper than my canary bird! But every woman thinks she's born an authoress and nothing but personal experience will grind the idea out of her.'

Then Miss Diana read the neatly written pages one by one.

'Scented with rose,' said she scornfully. 'Stuff and nonsense!'

'Well?' said Karl, at last, looking up from his own writing, as Miss Diana laid the packet down, with a loud 'Hem!' which signified the completion of her task.

'Fiddlesticks!' was the brief yet significant reply.

Karl rubbed his nose with the end of his penholder, evidently a little disappointed.

'You think they won't do?' said he.

'Of course they won't!' said Miss Di 'Dishwater and adjectives—trash and sentiment—what are the girls thinking of nowa-days? If she had sent me a few good table recipes now, or a way of cleaning marble, or taking out mildew; but an impossible love story, with the hero on stilts, and the heroine mere milk-and-water—Pshaw!'

'Poor child!' said Karl compassionately —but he never once thought of an appeal from his sister's decision. 'And she was so sure of success!'

'They always are,' said Miss Di.

Karl Rubens was a little provoked at his strong minded sister, but he remembered the palliating circumstance that Miss Diana had never seen Blanche Ainslie.

The editor did not sleep very soundly that night. He could not help thinking of the beautiful girl so suddenly reduced from luxury and wealth to utter poverty; and when at last he fell asleep, it was to dream of blue eyes, and chestnut hair braided with shifting lights of gold.

Karl had always admired the broker's pretty niece from a respectful distance. Now it seemed as if she was fairer and more attractive than ever. In fact, our editor, although not aware of it himself, was hovering dangerously near the magic ground of love.

He called at Miss Ainslie's the next evening with the condemned manuscripts in his pocket, and I do believe had he not stood in righteous fear of his strong minded sister Diana, he would have told Miss Ainslie that her productions were 'accepted,' and secretly burned them on the sanctum fire. As it was, it was too late for any such sly system of double dealing.

Blanche was at home, sitting amongst the splendor that was to be hers only so brief a time now, and her bright, upward look as he entered, went to his very heart.

'I feel like Crookback Richard,' he thought, 'going to murder the innocent little princes in the Tower.'

And when he told her, as gently as he could, that the stories and poetry would not pass muster, she burst into tears.

Mr. Ruebens could not endure those bright, sparkling drops.

'Blanche!' he faltered, 'don't cry. Dear Blanche, it is not worth it!'

And before they parted that evening, Blanche Ainslie had half promised to consider the possibility of accepting the editor's love, since the editor could not accept her contributions.

'The idea of supporting yourself is very ridiculous,' said Karl. 'It's a great deal better to let me support you.'

And so Blanche Ainslie became an editor's wife, and keeps the little packet that was 'respectfully declined,' to this day.

SEVENTY-SIX.

BY A. MORSE.

'Tis seventy-six!—'tis seventy-six!—
We greet the rising morn—
We hail the Grand Centennial—
We brave both wind and storm,
Our country's flag still floats aloft,
In bold majestic pride;
Our "boys" the Nation's signet wear—
Our ships the Ocean ride.

One hundred years they say are fled—
One hundred years to-day;
Since first the year of life began,
That marks our Natal Day.
Through storm and sleet,
The Nation's warrior press'd;
Her statesmen ne'er a face turned back,
Nor yet a foe caressed.

Long may our Nation's banner wave
O'er land and ocean wide,
No crouching slave now bites the dust,
No "black-ship" stems the tide.
Rejoice, Columbia's sons, rejoice!
Raise now your voices high,
And sing hosannas loud and long,
Till they shall rend the sky.

HIGH LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

The wives of two Congressmen were waiting for the elevator last evening at one of our hotels. I was demurely reading the evening paper with my eyes, eagerly devouring their conversation with my ears, and this is what I heard. Said Mrs. H.:

"I'm awful tired; I've made twenty calls to-day, and to-morrow I must make as many more. There's precious little fun about it."

Said Mrs. L.: "Fun! indeed! not a bit of it. I'm disappointed in Washington. Why, at home, when George was elected, I held my head higher than anybody in the county, and I raised such a gay time here, but when you get three hundred Congressmen and their wives together one don't count much. I needn't have worried so about my dresses!"

Mrs. H.'s face was visibly lengthening all the while her friend was talking; then she responded:

"Now, so! There's Mrs. Grant, whom everybody wants to see once; there are the wives of the Secretaries, who bow politely when you call and never know you again——"

"Oh, yes they do!" interrupted Mrs. L. "Mrs. Fish never forgets a face, and Mrs. Bristow is just lovely!"

"Well, anyhow, Mrs. Robeson never knows anybody lower than a Senator's wife, and Mrs. Belknap never returns our calls. This is the order: The Cabinet ladies, the wives of Senators, ladies of the foreign legations, the families of the army and navy, a few citizens known for wealth or positions given by inheritance; and then, wives of Congressmen are classed with department clerks! I wish I hadn't come at all!"

"I won't say that," said Mrs. L., "for at home it does sound so nicely to say you were in Washington during the season. I shall make the most of my position there, you may be sure!"

"Now, this is true, dear friends, for the wife of the inconspicuous M. C. who comes here with dreams of social glory will find the reality exceedingly commonplace. If she be really a lady, refined and intelligent, she will draw about her a circle of pleasant friends well worth possessing. If she be exceedingly beautiful, or so wealthy that her entertainments make a stir, society will court her with sweetest smiles, and she will have cards by the half bushel; she shall have more invitations than she can possibly accept, and neither days nor nights shall be long enough for her wish. Once in the centre of the whirlpool, struggles are in vain; you can't keep near the outer edge; it is the vortex or nothing. I know one married pair, who are elderly and ought to be staid, but the lady, gazing at Washington through the glamour of fancy's painted vista, desired to be "a high flyer at fashion," while the husband—a genuine "Shoddy Boffin"—detested the whole thing, but follows at my lady's footsteps like a reluctant but obedient Newfoundland dog. It is the greatest fun to watch his hands, when stuffed into white kids, he attends a party. Every separate finger stands at a different angle, and the thumbs are at enmity with all the rest. After sitting hands in lap awhile, he curiously inspects the liberated digits, and sticks them out again as if to assert their independent individuality.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

HOW TO KEEP THE HEART.—"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." But how can we keep our heart? We can keep our hands, by an effort, from wrong actions, and force them to go right ones. We can keep our lips from saying unkind or hasty words, though that is sometimes hard enough. But how keep our heart? How make ourselves a right spirit, a good temper? That seems simply impossible. How direct those tendencies which are hidden even from ourselves? Here is the place and need of religion. It is not true that our soul lies open inwardly to God, and that we rest on him, then is it not possible, is it not probable, that if we put our heart into his hands, he will guide it? And the experience of universal man, in all ages, all countries, all religions, teaches this value of prayer. It is taught by Socrates and Seneca, but less than by Jesus Christ. We do not need to pray to God for what we can do ourselves. But what we cannot do for ourselves, is to guide and keep and direct this hidden man of the heart. We have a right to come boldly to God for this; asking his Spirit and expecting to receive it. This is a promise we can trust in, that God will give his Holy Spirit to those who ask him.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

MALE LEGS, AND THEIR THREATENED CENTENNIAL EXPOSURE.—There is every indication that knee breeches and tuck-ups, silk stockings and powdered wigs are coming in with the centennial. The women are bound to look well in the whi e hair and patches, but my mind is much exercised about the men's legs, and the sort of figures those dear creatures will cut. I know of one man who never knew what a prize he had in his legs till in foreign lands he went into court suits. The democracy of this country is chiefly objectionable to him on account of the retirement in which those legs must live, and his heart dances with fond emotion as he thinks the centennial year will give those splendid legs a chance. On this account I rejoice, but, alas! what will become of the knock-knees, the bow legs, the slim-shanks of the majority? There'll be no help but in pads, and so many are beyond the help of pads.—M. H. *r. in the St. Louis Republican.*

☞ God tests men and churches and communities. He gives to each a mission and a work. The time comes to every one, when it is possible for them to desert and forget their trust. They who cling to it and will not desert it are trustworthy. God leans on them and uses them. It is easy to betray—to desert. It is sometimes difficult to stand true and push on. Is it surprising that so many trail the banners whose duty it is to fly them?

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

HOW I BECAME A GHOST.

'Yes, Susy dear; you know papa always said I was the greatest romp in the country, but of course you know I could ce as quiet and polite as any lady, if I chose to be when in society.'

'Ha, ha!' said cousin Tom, who just entered the room, with newspaper in hand, and taking an easy chair by the fire, 'I always told you, you were a Tomboy, and now you are owning it, which you never would do before.'

'Well, Tom,' said I, 'you know I have been to boarding school for two years, and not been allowed scarcely to look at a boy, and have got quite out of the way of wanting to play marbles and chase, with them.' Tom said not another word, but seemed deeply interested in the morning's paper.

'Oh! Susy,' said I, 'did I never tell you of the ghost adventure, while visiting at Aunt Rebecca's, last summer?'

'No,' said Susy, 'but do tell me, for I do so like to hear ghost stories;' and Tom put aside his paper, and folded his hands before him to listen, for he knew I always was a capital hand at story telling. And I commenced:

'The road which leads to Aunt Rebecca's house is very long and narrow, with a rough stone wall on each side, beyond which are pastures, woodlands, meadows, and every sort of country imaginable. The farmhouse is a large, old building, half wood and half stone; it must have been a fine, old place in its day, for the wood work, which they say, was once pure white, has experienced so many heavy storms and rough winds, that the paint is almost entirely washed off.

'Then there is no end of barns, sheds, and grain houses, of one kind or another, and Aunt Rebecca has all she can do to take care of the milk, and keep the house in order, which is a perfect picture of neatness, both inside and out, and every afternoon, when the work was all done up, we would take our sewing or knitting, as it might be, at each end, and a cool stream of air blowing through. Oh, how I should like always to live there; only think, the nearest neighbor lives half a mile off, a Mrs. Reid, whose daughter Polly was about my age, and we had some fine times together, as you will see before I finish my story.

'One very warm afternoon, Aunt and I were sitting in the hall as usual, busy at our work, and talking about spiritualism, when John, one of the men, passed through the hall to the kitchen, and then came forward with much importance, and said, 'Is that you say, Miss Belle?' 'O,' said I, 'I was only asking Aunt, if there are many spiritualists in your town, for you know there always are in country places.' 'Well, I don't know,' said John, 'I don't believe in it myself, but I have heard my mother tell some strange stories about spirits and ghosts, and I suppose they are all the same, ain't they, Miss Belle?'

'Well, I never thought of that before,' said I, 'but I don't suppose there is much difference. However, I don't think I should care to meet either.'

'Well,' said John, pretending to be very clever, 'I don't think I should be afraid if I should meet a dozen ghosts at once. No, it would take more than a ghost to scare me, I tell you.'

'He then went about his work, and I laughed to myself at his bravery, and doubted it, as I had heard Uncle tell how sadly frightened he was, when at work in the field, and hearing a noise, which they afterwards found out to be a pig, that had wandered out of the sty.

'I thought how I should like to frighten him, for I knew that those who are always boasting of their bravery, are the most cowardly after all. So one night, about an hour after my conversation with John, I arose about midnight, and slipping on my wrapper and slippers, and taking a stick in my hand, went quietly out at the front door, down to the side of the barn, where a room had been finished off, and furnished for the accommodation as sleeping apartments, for the hired men, and crept softly up to the side of the house, and gave three taps at the window, and then stood back to listen, but all was still. I hastened back to my chamber expecting to hear of the spirit wraps the next day, but nothing was said, so I came to the conclusion that it was not heard, and that I could try it again; so the next night I prepared myself as before, went out, gave the three taps on the window, and then hurried back to the house, thinking that surely they heard it that time; of course, I kept quiet about it, and in the morning, as I was taking my usual walk about the garden, I came suddenly upon John, who started up so quick at my approach, as he admired me by a tuck in the thunder storm. He commenced at once to tell me of his dreams for the last two nights.

'He dreamed the first night that some one came and knocked at his door, and when he opened it no one was there. And last night,' said he, 'I was almost frightened, for I was dreaming how that an angel was coming to fetch me some water, and I awoke and was just going to take it in my hand, when three awful raps came at my window. I got up and looked out, but did not see any one.'

'O, you must have been dreaming all the while,' said I, 'for who on earth would care to trouble you, at that hour of the night?'

'Well, I tell you,' said John, 'I was as wide awake then as I am now at this very minute, and Jerry was too, for we talked about it afterwards.'

'Well,' said I, 'I am very sorry you were so frightened, but I cannot think it was anything but a dream after all.'

'Oh, I did not mean to say that I was frightened at all, for I am not so easily frightened as that,' said he.

'I passed on, knowing all the time that he was frightened half out of his wits, but would not own it. I turned and looked at him, and said to myself, 'Sir, the worst is not come yet, and I believe I will see you frightened before I leave here.' I disliked him very much, he was so hateful, and pretended to do so much. Why, I once heard him say, 'he would like nothing better than to fight with a thousand snakes at once, and he believed he could kill them all in five minutes.' I told him I would like nothing better myself than to see him in that fix, and wondered how he would make out.

'This day I was just in for some fun, and taking a parcel, which I had prepared, I started off to spend the afternoon with Polly. She seemed glad to see me, and I at once told her about my plans of frightening the men, and how John had been haunted for the last two nights, and still declared that nothing could frighten him, which I was bound to do, if possible. And as I knew that they were both going to town that night, and would return about nine o'clock, it would be the best chance possible for us to try our scheme, which I had already described to Polly, who seemed as much in favor of it as myself.

'About half past eight, we went to Polly's room, and opened my parcel, which contained a long night dress, a sheet, and two tallow candles. Just the uniform for a ghost.

'Polly provided herself with a night dress and sheet. We then fastened each of the candles to the end of a long stick, took some matches and started on our raid, almost afraid of ourselves. The night was very dark, although the sky was thick with stars. We walked up the road to a Cedar grove, which was only a short distance from Uncle's house. We entered the grove, knowing that no one more evil than ourselves could be there. We then put on our ghostly garments, and waited quietly for the sound of the approach of our haunted subjects. We waited but a few moments almost frightened at our own shadows, but now that I had gone so far, I was not going to back out, and be the greatest coward in the crowd. So I kept up my spirits, and tried hard to keep up Polly's, when suddenly we heard them coming. We lit our candles, and holding them down in front of us, we walked up to the stone wall just at the edge of a thick group of cedars, holding the candles high above our heads by the long sticks to which they were fastened. The light was so small in the great darkness, that it did not cast sufficient light to enable one to distinguish anything but two white forms with a star, as it appeared over the head of each, as of course the sticks were not visible.

'The sound of voices grew nearer, and the two men were now directly in front of us. Both saw at once and stood as if struck, and then followed a tremulous yell from one, which almost frightened the ghosts themselves out of their ghostly shrouds. They then started and ran as fast as they could go. At the same time I dropped my stick and ran too, taking off my things as I went. I crossed the stone wall and pasture, and went in at the front door, and threw myself into Uncle's easy chair, quite out of breath.

'Why, my child!' said Aunt Rebecca, 'what have you been doing to be so tired and out of breath?'

'O,' said I, 'I was having such a nice time at Polly's, I did not think of the time, and have passed home through the pasture, which I thought the nearer way, but I believe it is the longer way after all.

'I had just got out these words, when such a noise and clatter outside started us, as I never heard before nor since. The door burst open, and John and Jerry came tumbling in, looking as white as chalk and frightened almost to death.

'We both jumped up together, and asked what was the matter.

'O!' said they both together, 'we have seen such an awful sight,' and then after stopping for breath, they went on and told the whole story between them, of the two awful creatures, who stood on the wall just at the edge of the cedar grove, with the bright stars over their heads. They then told of the raps that they had heard at their window for two nights, and wondered if all the stories of ghosts and spirits, that they had heard were true, for they now believed they were sure they had seen so much themselves.

'I said how glad I was that I had not come by the road for I certainly should not care to see what they had seen, for,' said I, 'supposing I had seen them and fainted all alone, for I know I should have, had I been in your place.'

'That's so,' said John, 'you would, for I never came so near it myself in all my life.'

'No more was said that night, and we went to our respective resting places; by the next night, the story was spread throughout the neighborhood, and to my great surprise was published in the country papers.

'Of course nobody ever suspected who the ghosts were, least of all me, I being a city girl, and knowing how to speak French and play the piano, was thought some one quite uncommon among the poor farmers' daughters, who knew but little more than how to read and write.

'A few days after, I went to see how Polly was getting over the great excitement, which was now the talk of the town. She seemed to be bearing it bravely, and pretended to be in as deep wonder as every one else.'

'Well, well,' said Tom, as if arousing from a sleep of troubled dreams, 'I did not think you were quite so bad as that. I believe you were crazy.'

'Well, if I was crazy then, I am perfectly sane again now. So don't be afraid.'

A. L.

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, aimlessly, drifting through life,
What was I born for? "Somebody's wife,"
I am told by my mother.
Well, that being true, "Somebody"
Keeps himself strangely from view;
And if nought but marriage will settle my fate
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state.
For though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman is?—
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz,
And then as for temper and manners, 'tis plain
He who seeks for perfection, will seek *here* in vain.
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,
And I should not feel grateful, "for better or worse,"
To take the first *bochy* that graciously came
And offered those treasures, his home and his name.
I think then my chances of marriage are small;
But why should I think of such chances at all!
My brothers are all of them younger than I,
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not-let me try?
I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept;
But this is the question that puzzles my mind—
Why am I not trained up to work of some kind?
Uselessly, aimlessly, drifting through life,
Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife."

RISING IN THE WORLD.

Experience continually contradicts the notion that a poor young man cannot rise. If we look over the list of rich men, we find that nearly all of them began life worth little or nothing. To any person familiar with the millionaires of the United States, a score of examples will occur. On the other hand, the sons of rich men, who began life with the capital which so many poor young men covet, frequently die beggars. It would probably not be going too far to say that a large majority of such moneyed individuals either fail outright or gradually eat up the capital with which they commence their career.

And the reason is plain. Brought up in expensive habits, they spend entirely too much. Educated with high notions of personal importance, they will not, as